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REVIEWS

History of the House of Hapsburg. [Geschichte des Hauses Habsburg, &c.] By Prince E. M. Lichnowsky. Vols. I. & II. Vienna, Schaumburg & Co.; London, Black & Co.

"I am the Rodolf of my family!" was the well-known expression of Napoleon, when his flatterers wished to invent for him a genealogy more correspondent with his elevation than the annals of Corsica could furnish. Yet the parallel is scarcely just. If the Count of Hapsburg had difficulties to encounter, such as have fallen to the lot of few: if his ascent from the station of a private noble to that of emperor was a work of unrelenting labour, and one that great talents, combined with great enterprise, only could achieve; still he was a noble; his descent was one of the most illustrious in Europe; and, as a member of the Germanic body, he was eligible to any dignity. How different the case in regard to the son of the town-clerk of Ajaccio, who, whatever his parasites may have asserted, had no other nobility (and what other is of value?) than that which genius can bestow! So far, therefore, as the advantages of fortune were concerned, the balance lay with Rodolf; and in the same degree the merit of the Corsican surpasses that of the German.

The two volumes before us (all that have yet been published) contain the reigns of the two last princes of the illustrious house of Hapsburg,—that of Rodolf I., and his son, Albert I. Here is a volume to a reign, and if the same proportion should be observed in the subsequent volumes, the work will be swelled to a size that may indeed be a recommendation in Germany, but that will operate against its sale in England. This we say in condemnation, not of the book, but of our country. We are sick of epitomes, whether historical or of anything else: they contain, and of necessity must contain,—only barren outlines; making no distinct impression, either of characters or of events, on the mind, and, in reality, confounding what would otherwise be clear. Well would it be for our booksellers and authors, if in this respect, they would take a lesson from other countries,—from Germany, or France, or Italy. However, what neither the interest of the subject nor literary reputation could effect, will certainly be effected by other means. The veriest advocates for our Lilliputian publications are beginning to perceive that they will not much longer be popular—that if cheap, they are worthless.

We have begun with comparing Rodolf with Bonaparte; and this being a favourite comparison, both by the Corsican himself, and by his admirers, we feel disposed to continue it.

Rodolf was of illustrious descent. He may be satisfactorily traced to Gontram the Rich, Count of Alsace, whose power in the tenth century was very considerable. Nor do we think there is anything unreasonable in tracing him to Etico, Duke of Alsace, three centuries before Gontram, and one century before Charles Martel laid the foundation of the Carolingian dynasty. The genealogy of Etico himself need not be attempted; it ascends into the night of antiquity. Rodolf, therefore, was of a family that in this respect yielded to none in Europe. That this was an advantage, among a people so tenacious of birth as the Germans, we all know: they regarded

with reverence the descendants of their ancient princes, who, in a pagan state, were supposed to have partaken of superhuman attributes, and who certainly were always preferred as candidates for new dignities. Here, as we have before observed, the advantage lay with Rodolf. The family of Bonaparte had no historical recollections, no hereditary respect, no ancient glory to captivate the people.

But though the advantage of birth was one that smoothed the path to Rodolf's ambition, it must not be supposed that he had not many and most formidable difficulties to encounter. Owing to the endless subdivisions of territory under the feudal system, his hereditary possessions were really insignificant. He inherited from his father, Albert IV., Count of Hapsburg, who died in the Holy Land in 1240, only a conjoint right (his two brothers were joined with him,) to the lordship of Hapsburg, the burgraviate of Rheinfelden, and the barren title of Count of Alsace. The limits of that lordship cannot be exactly defined, but they formed a portion only of the modern district of Aargau, and certainly did not exceed many leagues. Nor was his sway here that of a sovereign: the people were exempted from taxes; and all the privilege his hereditary protectorship gave him, was that of enrolling a small body of armed men whenever he went to war. At the commencement of his career he could not bring two hundred men into the field. In fact, whoever looked to his narrow resources, would have wondered how he could escape subjugation by some of his powerful neighbours.

The state of Germanic society was peculiar. One baron, one city, one fortress, might make war on another, not only with perfect impunity, but in accordance with the law. The *jus belli privati* was an essential part of the constitution. Neither emperor nor diet was able, even if they had been willing, to prevent individual wars: they cared not what was the result, nor into whose hands a fief might pass, provided the feudal obligation of suit and service were yielded. The consequence was, that throughout the empire there was no such thing as internal tranquillity. Banditti swarmed on every side, and nobles themselves were the acknowledged heads of banditti. The process by which they were transformed from feudal into bandit chiefs, is sufficiently explicable. As lords of a certain domain, they first laid claim to certain privileges which had once been allowed to the sovereign only. Every stranger that travelled by land or river, was compelled to pay them for permission to do so. Every merchant who was travelling from one city to another with his produce or manufacture, was also under the necessity of paying them a per-centage on the value. These contributions were levied with as much rigour as if they had been enforced by positive law. The worst of the evil was, that there was no definite understanding as to the amount; it depended on the will of the nobles, who not unfrequently extorted one-fifth of the value: nay, when their necessities were urgent, they would not hesitate to take one-half, or even the whole of the merchandise and money. Hence, they really became robber chiefs, whose employment it was to lay wait for passengers; and who, from their strongholds, which frowned from the summit of so many hills, could perpetrate what deeds they pleased with perfect impunity. In fact, castles

were built for the express purpose of levying contributions, and, for this reason, they were generally built close to the highways. The military garrisons, as they were called,—but armed robbers, as they ought to have been called,—had no pay, and no means of support, except what they derived from this noble profession. If no travellers appeared for some days, they generally made excursions into the rural districts, plundering the houses of the serfs, and carrying away the treasures of the granary in triumph. The serfs of the church were most obnoxious to their depredations, because, though ecclesiastics were allowed to arm, they were indifferently warriors. Hence the anxiety of the bishops and abbots to secure protectors, who were called *advocates*, and who held lands from the monastery or chapter, on the express obligation of defending the ecclesiastical domain against all enemies, high or low. Rodolf was the advocate of several religious communities; so were most of the Germanic nobles. But the advocate often became the master: under the plea of obtaining the necessary means of defence, he often wrested from the vassals of the church their money and substance; and, when these were exhausted, he sometimes ventured to seize on the church plate. Church vassals were not the only sufferers: when one noble was at war with another, he considered every species of excess towards the serfs or vassals of his rival to be perfectly lawful. As feuds between rival families were perpetuated from generation to generation,—as most families had injuries enough to avenge, there never was any want of excuse for the most destructive depredations. Add, that the recent nobility were always the enemies of the municipalities, and that several bands often combined for the purpose of assailing a fortified town, and some idea may be formed of the alarming state of society which disgraced the empire during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries.

A few examples, however, may render this truth more striking. Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen, erected a fortress for the defence of his frontier against the Slavonians: the garrison which he placed in it began immediately to plunder the people whom they had engaged to defend. The imperial troops who garrisoned the castles of Saxony and Thuringia, made, according to the contemporary writer, Lambert, "daily irruptions into the neighbourhood; they laid waste everything that they could find in town and country; they levied contributions on the inhabitants; they forced even the more respectable families to serve them; they violated wives and daughters; some women they carried away to their strongholds, whom, having detained *quanto tempore libido suggessisset*, they sent back with the most insulting message to their nearest kindred." Adalbert of Treves was another bandit chief of much celebrity, whose delight it was, at the head of a numerous band, to lay waste the domains of the bishop. Nothing can better illustrate the impotency of the laws, than the fact, that though St. Henry (a great lover of justice,) was on the throne, Peppo the bishop did not complain to him, (for this would have been useless,) but to his own kindred and vassals. To assail the chief, however, behind his bulwarks, would have been a vain attempt, and years elapsed before revenge could be taken on the

daring freebooter. Even the ecclesiastics were not exempt from the ferocity of the times. One Christmas, the court being held at Goslar, there was a dispute for precedence between the vassals of the abbot, and those of the diocesan, the Bishop of Hildesheim. The former could plead the custom of three centuries, the latter would not be dishonoured in his own diocese. A tumult arose in the cathedral, but, the Duke of Bavaria espousing the quarrel of the abbot, the bishop was compelled to yield the point. The following Christmas, however, the court being held at the same place, he caused his chief vassal, Count Egbert, at the head of some armed knights, to be hidden behind the high altar. When the seats were arranging for the spiritual princes, in the choir of the church, the dispute was renewed. Instantly the men in ambush rushed from behind the altar, fell on the abbot's devotees, wounded some, and expelled the rest from the church. But the vassals of that princely dignitary rallied, collected in greater numbers, and with drawn swords again entered the choir. The songs of praise were instantly drowned by the clashing of arms, the shouts of the assailants, and the groans of the dying. Not the least remarkable feature of the scene, was the ardour with which the bishop, who had ascended the steps of the altar, encouraged his men to fight his battle manfully. In vain did the King of the Romans, who was present, endeavour to restore peace; as well might he have spoken to the winds: neither party paid the slightest attention to his entreaties or commands;—he found at length that his own life was in danger; nor was it without much difficulty that he escaped from the place. In the end, the floor being covered with the dead and the dying, the abbot's retainers were expelled. Such are a few instances characteristic of the period.

It is probable that this extraordinary state of society was the result as much of the national propensity towards hard drinking, as to the impotence of law. "Over their cups," says Denizo, the biographer of the Countess Matilda, "they [the Germans] always drink to excess; when drunk, they love to dispute and to quarrel; they draw their weapons, and cut off one another's limbs for trifles which in any other country would be settled by the tongue." This propensity was universal: it was exposed, at a much subsequent period, by Martin Luther, who calls the Germans the greatest drunkards on earth;—and by Erasmus, who compares them to so many swine. Nor was it confined to humble knights and barons: it penetrated even the halls of majesty. According to the popular saying, it required no ordinary measure of grace to refrain from this vice. The most convincing illustration of this truth is furnished by the fact, that at his coronation the emperor was obliged to swear, that, through the help of heaven, he would, *if possible*, live soberly. But though such a vice may account for many acts of ferocity, it cannot account for the systematic licentiousness of the great. The word knight was but another term for bandit; that of count, duke, or even king, for a chief of bandits. On this lawless conduct there was no check save that of religion,—a check not often available. Superstition, however, had some share in repressing acts of violence.

Such was the state of society when Rodolf succeeded to the lordship of Hapsburg. The means by which he ascended to greatness were those of the age and country. He was a bandit chief as much as the rest of the nobility. He made war with ardour on all his enemies, on all the enemies of his house, on the vassals of those enemies, and his sword was at the service of any one that paid him well. During many successive years he was at war with some one or other of

his neighbours, and he was always attended by a considerable number of armed men, whom the hope of booty attracted to his service. His first exploit—the first at least that history has recorded—was against Hugh of Tuffenstein, who had provoked his anger by some insulting expressions; the fortress of Hugh was immediately invested, but it was too strong to fall by open assault; the sentinels, however, were bribed, and the castle fell into the hands of Rodolf, Hugh perishing in its defence. The next enemy whom he assailed was his own uncle, Baron of Lauffenburgh, whom he routed and forced to pay a considerable sum of money. The success which attended this enterprise encouraged him to fall on another uncle, the Count of Kyburg, whom he also forced to pay him money. This compliance with an impudent demand, led to a new one, of a portion of the territories held by the Count. Meeting with a refusal, Rodolf invaded the domains of his uncle, took three villages, and, as the condition of peace, not only exacted another sum of money, but a promise that should his uncle and the son of his uncle die without issue, the possessions of both should belong to him. Alarmed at this ambitious disposition of their kinsman, the Count of Kyburg and his son had recourse to a common expedient. He converted his lands, which were previously allodial, into feudal, and did homage for them to the Bishop of Strasburg, who was thenceforth bound to protect him against any assailant. Still Rodolf had gained by this war, as he had done by all others. He gained, too, by his marriage with Gertrude, daughter of the Count de Hohenburg, some domains in Alsace. But ambition grows by what it feeds on. His next hostilities were against the Bishop of Basle, into whose city he penetrated by night, and set fire to a nunnery. For this act of violence he was excommunicated by the Pope. It was probably to procure absolution from this censure that he proceeded to the war against the pagans of Prussia. Certainly he succeeded for some time under Ottocar, king of Bohemia, against both them and the monarch of Hungary. On his return, his restless disposition forced him to recommence hostilities. Hearing that the Bishop of Strasburg was at war with the citizens, he took part with the former, and compelled the burgesses to sue for a truce. At the same time he affected a reconciliation with his uncle, the Count of Kyburg, who was gratified by the lustre which his military fame cast on the family. He thought this a favourable opportunity for procuring the revocation of the act which had rendered Kyburg dependent on that see. The Count readily entered into his views, but the Bishop would not consent. Incensed at his refusal, Rodolf took the part of the citizens, surprised Colmar, stormed the fortress of Mulhausen, occupied much of Lower Alsace, and defeated the episcopal troops with great slaughter. These reverses brought the bishop to the grave, and his successor was glad to purchase peace by the concessions demanded and others of greater moment. Other circumstances favoured the career of Rodolf. His uncle dying and a daughter only being left, he took possession of their lordships, Kyburg, Lentzburg, and Baden, as much in virtue of his own right of consanguinity as in that of guardian to the young lady. By this event his influence was greatly extended in Alsace, Switzerland, and the circle of the Lower Rhine. His fame extended so far that by several cities he was chosen their protector, by several monasteries their advocate. Zurich was one of the places which thus invoked his aid, and delegated its authority to him. He humbled the enemies of that municipality, and connected both its possessions and his own. His next enemy was the Abbot of St. Gallen.

In virtue of some real or fancied title, the abbot summoned him to do homage for the lordship of Kyburg, and, on his refusal, marched against him with a formidable body of troops. This demonstration however could have been easily resisted by Rodolf, had he not learned that some of his kindred had just been murdered by the citizens of Basle, at the instigation of their bishop. As revenge was his first wish, he resolved to effect a reconciliation with the abbot, and then march to Basle. With a few attendants he rode to the castle, where the abbot was sojourning, and surprised the assembled warriors by his presence. A few words, and above all the confidence he reposed in the honour of the churchman, not only procured him peace, but the very knights, who had met to make war on him, volunteered to assist him in his hostilities against the bishop. At the head of these knights, of his own hereditary warriors, and of the armed troops of Zurich, he marched against Basle, and soon forced the citizens to give satisfaction. He next turned his arms against the bishop, whose domains he invaded, and who applied for a term of twenty-four days, promising at the end of that time either to give satisfaction too, or else to renew the war; but before the expiration of that period an event most important to Rodolf—one which neither he nor the empire could have foreseen—transpired.

No man, perhaps, has ever yet been great without the force of circumstances, without good fortune no less than the exercise of great talents. Some years before this time Rodolf had been of essential service to Werner of Eppenstein, Archbishop of Mentz. Werner had to visit Rome to receive confirmation by the hands of the Pope, but as the Alps were infested by numerous brigands, he durst not venture with the small retinue he had called round him. In this extremity, Rodolf, who had rendered himself so formidable to all bandits, hundreds of whom he had destroyed, escorted him into Lombardy. On the archbishop's return he found the same assistance, and was treated by the count at his castle of Hapsburg with a magnificence truly royal. The services, the character, the talents, the manners of Rodolf made a deep impression on the prelate, who expressed a hope that he might live to repay the obligation; and well he did repay it. Every reader of German history knows the calamities of the period immediately following the election of William of Holland, and that of our Richard, Earl of Cornwall. It was a dreadful period; as Richard had not chosen to reside in the empire, where indeed he had no power, the people had felt by experience the want of a vigorous ruler continually present. The seven electors expressed the popular wish when they first met at Frankfort (1273), by declaring that a native prince only should be chosen. Werner, the archbishop, and the most influential of the electors, resolved to nominate and to sustain the interests of Rodolf. He had little difficulty in gaining over the two ecclesiastical electors, the archbishops of Cologne and Treves. Fortunately for the count he had several maiden daughters (six, we believe, are named by contemporary chroniclers), and three of the secular electors were unmarried. Each was offered a bride as the condition of voting for Rodolf, and each immediately consented. If Rodolf was not rich enough to endow the maidens magnificently, he would, as emperor, have the chief voice in the bestowal of forfeited or elapsed fiefs, and would therefore be at no loss to provide for his sons-in-law. Six of the electors being thus gained (the seventh, Ottocar of Bohemia, was rancorously hostile to him), Rodolf was proclaimed king of the Romans; a proclamation received with delight by the people. Who had acquired so much military fame?

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Who could defend them so well against the enemies of the public tranquillity? Nor were the nobles averse to him; his hereditary domains were too small to give umbrage to them: he would be a good general, a good judge, but he could scarcely become a master. Rodolf was before the walls of Basle when these events occurred. One night he was awake in his tent by the sudden appearance of his nephew Frederic, of Hohenzollern, who saluted him as King of the Romans. So little did he, a prince of very secondary order, expect such a dignity, that he upbraided his nephew for passing so foolish a joke; but he was soon undeceived. The citizens, hearing of the event, opened their gates to him, despite their bishop, saying, "We were at war with the Count of Hapsburg; we will not fight the King of the Romans!" Peace was instantly made, to the great chagrin of the prelate, who, when he regarded the progressive elevation of his enemy, from the condition of a poor baron to the sovereignty of the greatest empire in Europe, is said to have looked up to heaven, exclaiming with profane blasphemy, "Sit fast, great God, or Rodolf will usurp thy throne!"

What were the difficulties which Bonaparte, who delighted to be considered the imitator of Rodolf, and who married one of Rodolf's descendants, encountered in his progress towards imperial power? Were they equal to those of the Hapsburg hero? They were probably greater. The Corsican had no hereditary possessions, no aristocratic connexions, to favour him; the only artificers of his fortune were his own talents. But circumstances favoured him no less than the other. He arose at a crisis in the existence of a nation, and, by his dexterity, he turned it into what character he pleased. France had absolute need of him; he was the only man of his country that had energy enough to keep in subjection a multitude of tyrants; he was the only man that could defend France against the hostility of Europe. The way for his elevation was prepared by the public voice long before he seized the reins of empire. He was the man qualified to defend both her interests and her existence, and no patriot could hesitate as to the choice. From 1795 to 1804, Bonaparte was a blessing to France. It was not until after his elevation to the throne, until his ambition was proved to be immoderate, that he became a curse to France and to Europe. On the whole, then, we are disposed to place the merit of Napoleon, in the earlier part of his career, higher than that of Rodolf.

The conduct of the two men as rulers, does not exhibit the same parallel. That of Rodolf was of unmixt good to his people; in that of Bonaparte there was more of evil than of good. The former was no despot; he was a constitutional sovereign, who aimed at the happiness of his people, who never undertook any war without the advice of his diet, and who undertook none that he did not bring to a happy conclusion. The objects of the latter were in a great degree personal; the multitude he esteemed only as they might assist him in the attainment of his ends. The difficulties of Rodolf's position after his accession were great almost beyond example. He had enemies both foreign and domestic, who, without the slightest provocation, fell upon him. The powerful Ottocar of Bohemia went to war with him, and was thrice vanquished. The barons of the empire, accustomed to long impunity, were so many robber-chiefs. One state, one city, one prince, was at war with the other; the laws were impotent; the military were without discipline. But the barons were taught obedience, the states were compelled to live in fear, the soldiers were soon inured to discipline, and the laws were everywhere respected. In one year he levelled with the ground seventy of

the strongholds that had been erected by the outlaws, and in one year he beheaded twenty-nine bandit chiefs, all nobles of Thuringia. "His very name," says a chronicler of the times, "spread terror among the turbulent barons, joy among the people: as light springs from darkness, so peace arose from desolation. The peasant returned to his plough; the merchant, whom the fear of robbers had confined to his house, now traversed the country with confidence." This is strictly true; and the chronicler might have added, that industry flourished on every side; that many new towns, with municipal governments, were by him called into existence; that the citizens and burgesses were defended against the encroachments of the military nobles; that combinations of the weak were formed in opposition to the powerful; that the different orders were more equally balanced than they had ever been. Rodolf has been justly called the second restorer of the empire; none of his predecessors, except Charlemagne, ever conferred such benefits on it. Did Bonaparte imitate him in this noble course of patriotism? Did he labour for any object save his own aggrandizement and that of his family? Did he not bring France, by his wild, reckless, personal ambition, to the verge of ruin? We leave the reader to answer these questions.

Still greater disparity, in reference to these eminent men, is exhibited by their declining years, and by their subsequent fame. Rodolf died in the possession of empire; Bonaparte a prisoner on a barren rock of the ocean. As Rodolf laboured for the good of the people, his institutions, his empire, survived him to after ages; of Bonaparte's dynasty, which subsisted only for a few years, not a vestige remained when he had attained the meridian of life. Rodolf's empire survived, because it was built on that steadfast rock, the interests and affections of the people; Bonaparte's was based on that most sandy of all foundations, individual despotism.

The length to which these observations have extended, prevent us from entering on the reign of Albert, the son of Rodolf, which occupies the second volume of the work before us. Our object was to draw the reader's attention to the justice of the comparison, so frequently instituted between two extraordinary men.

Of the work which has led to these observations, we have little more to say. It contains the history of the house in all the ramifications of the Hapsburg family,—in Austria, the Tyrol, and Styria, no less than in Switzerland, the cradle of the name. It, therefore, embraces a wide range, and many subjects too distinct to admit of much unity. It exhibits no lack of research; on the contrary, even in Germany it will, in this respect, be praised. Its impartiality, however, is not equally to be lauded. Considering the position of the author in reference to the imperial court, and the number of subscribers in the imperial family and among the members of government, impartiality was not to be expected. But by his laudatory dedication to the reigning Emperor, (prefixed to vol. 2), he has placed all readers on their guard against the bias which, both as a subject of that monarch, and as a recipient no less than an expectant of imperial favour, he must naturally feel.

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, containing a faithful account of the Fortunes, Misfortunes, Uprisings, Downfallings, and complete Career of the Nickleby Family. Edited by 'Boz.' Chapman & Hall.

THE first number of a new work from the pleasant and industrious pen of 'Boz,' is now before us, and although it has hitherto been considered

a hazardous proceeding to judge of a house by taking a brick as a specimen, we think we may safely guess, from this first handful of pages, what the work will be in its finished state. The characters—caricatures from life—neatly drawn as those by H.B.—the incidents, exaggerated from those of every day occurrence—the humour minute and wordy,—but a smacking of Smollett occasionally:—in short, varying the names a little, changing the scenes and streets, altering the waistcoats, phizzes, and peculiarities of his men, women, and children,—we have the Pickwick Papers refreshed, renovated, re-beavered, and, in short, made to look almost "as good as new."

The present number introduces to the reader several members of the Nickleby family:—to Mr. Ralph Nickleby, who is a heartless money-breeder from his corduroy days upwards,—to Mr. Newman Noggs, his clerk, a decayed fox-hunter with one eye, whose peculiarity is that of "cracking the joints of his fingers."—to Mr. Nicholas Nickleby, the brother of Ralph, who speculates, ruins himself, goes mad, and dies,—and to his widow and two children. There is also a capital Yorkshire schoolmaster, one-eyed, like Noggs, who promises much good,—and three little boys, destined for the cheap school without holidays, who are worthy of the pen that drew Oliver Twist. And now for the contents of the pages.

Golden Square is thus described:—

"Although a few members of the graver professions live about Golden Square, it is not exactly in anybody's way to or from anywhere. It is one of the squares that have been; a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings. Many of its first and second floors are let furnished to single gentlemen, and it takes boarders besides. It is a great resort of foreigners. The dark-complexioned men who wear large rings, and heavy watch-guards and bushy whiskers, and who congregate under the Opera colonnade, and about the box-office in the season, between four and five in the afternoon, when Mr. Seguin gives away the orders,—all live in Golden Square, or within a street of it. Two or three violins and a wind instrument from the Opera band reside within its precincts. Its boarding-houses are musical, and the notes of pianos and harps float in the evening time round the head of the mournful statue, the guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrubs, in the centre of the square. On a summer's night, windows are thrown open, and groups of swarthy mustachio'd men are seen by the passer-by lounging at the casements, and smoking fearfully. Sounds of gruff voices practising vocal music invade the evening's silence, and the fumes of choice tobacco scent the air. There, snuff and cigars, and German pipes and flutes, and violins, and violoncellos, divide the supremacy between them. It is the region of song and smoke. Street bands are on their mettle in Golden Square, and itinerant glee-singers quaver involuntarily as they raise their voices within its boundaries."

A public meeting, held at Bishopsgate Street Within, to further the cause of a joint stock company, to be entitled "The United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company," is humorously described; but the ridiculous speculations at this time actually carried on through the attorneys and newspapers, defy invention to surpass them in absurdity.

The death of Nicholas brings his widow, and son and daughter, in poverty, to London, and the following is the first visit of the rich and unfeeling Ralph to his needy, and hitherto unseen relatives:—

"Climbing up another perpendicular flight, composed with great mechanical ingenuity of nothing but corner stairs, Mr. Ralph Nickleby stopped to take breath on the landing, when he was overtaken by the handmaid, whom the politeness of Miss La Creevy had despatched to announce him, and who had apparently been making a variety of unsuccessful

ful attempt since their last interview, to wipe her dirty face clean upon an apron much dirtier.

"What name?" said the girl.

"Nickleby," replied Ralph.

"Oh! Mrs. Nickleby," said the girl, throwing open the door, 'here's Mr. Nickleby.'

"A lady in deep mourning arose as Mr. Nickleby entered, but appeared incapable of advancing to meet him, and leant upon the arm of a slight but very beautiful girl of about seventeen, who had been sitting by her. A youth, who appeared a year or two older, stepped forward and saluted Ralph as his uncle.

"Oh," growled Ralph, with an ill-favoured frown, 'you are Nicholas, I suppose?'

"That is my name, Sir," replied the youth.

"Put my hat down," said Ralph, imperiously. 'Well, ma'am, how do you do? You must bear up against sorrow, ma'am; I always do.'

"Mine was no common loss!" said Mrs. Nickleby, applying her handkerchief to her eyes.

"It was no uncommon loss, ma'am," returned Ralph, as he coolly unbuttoned his spencer. 'Husbands die every day, ma'am, and wives too.'

"And brothers also, Sir," said Nicholas, with a glance of indignation.

"Yes, Sir, and puppies, and pug-dogs likewise," replied his uncle, taking a chair. 'You didn't mention in your letter what my brother's complaint was, ma'am.'

"The doctors could attribute it to no particular disease," said Mrs. Nickleby, shedding tears. 'We have too much reason to fear that he died of a broken heart.'

"Pooh!" said Ralph, 'there's no such thing. I can understand a man's dying of a broken neck, or suffering from a broken arm, or a broken head, or a broken leg, or a broken nose; but a broken heart—nonsense, it's the cant of the day. If a man can't pay his debts, he dies of a broken heart, and his widow's a martyr.'

"Some people, I believe, have no hearts to break," observed Nicholas, quietly.

"How old is this boy, for God's sake?" inquired Ralph, wheeling back his chair, and surveying his nephew from head to foot with intense scorn.

"Nicholas is very nearly nineteen," replied the widow.

"Nineteen, eh!" said Ralph, 'and what do you mean to do for your bread, Sir?'

"Not to live upon my mother," replied Nicholas, his heart swelling as he spoke.

"You'd have little enough to live upon if you did," retorted the uncle, eyeing him contemptuously.

"Whatever it be," said Nicholas, flushed with anger, 'I shall not look to you to make it more.'

"Nicholas, my dear, recollect yourself," remonstrated Mrs. Nickleby.

"Dear Nicholas, pray," urged the young lady.

"Hold your tongue, Sir," said Ralph. 'Upon my word! Fine beginnings, Mrs. Nickleby—fine beginnings.'"

"Well, ma'am," said Ralph, impatiently, 'the creditors have administered, you tell me, and there's nothing left for you?'

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"And you spent what little money you had, in coming all the way to London, to see what I could do for you?" pursued Ralph.

"I hoped," faltered Mrs. Nickleby, 'that you might have an opportunity of doing something for your brother's children. It was his dying wish that I should appeal to you in their behalf.'

"I don't know how it is," muttered Ralph, walking up and down the room, 'but whenever a man dies without any property of his own, he always seems to think he has a right to dispose of other people's. What is your daughter fit for, ma'am?'

"Kate has been well educated," sobbed Mrs. Nickleby. 'Tell your uncle, my dear, how far you went in French and extras.'

"The poor girl was about to murmur forth something, when her uncle stopped her very unceremoniously.

"We must try and get you apprenticed at some boarding-school," said Ralph. 'You have not been brought up too delicately for that, I hope?'

"No, indeed, uncle," replied the weeping girl. 'I will try to do anything that will gain me a home and bread.'

"Well, well," said Ralph, a little softened, either by his niece's beauty or her distress (stretch a point, and say the latter). 'You must try it, and if the life is too hard, perhaps dress-making or tambour-work will come lighter. Have you ever done anything, Sir?' (turning to his nephew.)

"No," replied Nicholas, bluntly.

"No, I thought not!" said Ralph. 'This is the way my brother brought up his children, ma'am.'

"Nicholas has not long completed such education as his poor father could give him," rejoined Mrs. Nickleby, 'and he was thinking of—'

"Of making something of him some day," said Ralph. 'The old story; always thinking, and never doing. If my brother had been a man of activity and prudence, he might have left you a rich woman, ma'am; and if he had turned his son into the world, as my father turned me, when I wasn't as old as that boy by a year and a half, he would have been in a situation to help you, instead of being a burden upon you, and increasing your distress. My brother was a thoughtless, inconsiderate man, Mrs. Nickleby, and nobody, I am sure, can have better reason to feel that than you.'"

"Are you willing to work, Sir?" he inquired, frowning on his nephew.

"Of course I am," replied Nicholas, haughtily.

"Then see here, Sir," said his uncle. 'This caught my eye this morning, and you may thank your stars for it.'

"With this exordium, Mr. Ralph Nickleby took a newspaper from his pocket, and after unfolding it, and looking for a short time among the advertisements, read as follows:

"EDUCATION.—At Mr. Wackford Squeers's Academy, Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, Youth are boarded, clothed, booked, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries, instructed in all languages, living and dead, mathematics, orthography, geometry, astronomy, trigonometry, the use of the globes, algebra, single stick (if required), writing, arithmetic, fortification, and every other branch of classical literature. Terms, twenty guineas per annum. No extras, no vacations, and diet unparalleled. Mr. Squeers is in town, and attends daily, from one till four, at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill. N.B. An able assistant wanted. Annual salary 5*l*. A Master of Arts would be preferred.'

"There," said Ralph, folding the paper again. 'Let him get that situation, and his fortune is made.'

"But he is not a Master of Arts," said Mrs. Nickleby.

"That," replied Ralph, 'that, I think, can be got over.'

"But the salary is so small; and it is such a long way off, uncle!" faltered Kate."

The scene at the Saracen's Head, on Snow Hill, is in the best Pickwick manner. Here is the schoolmaster from the picturesque neighbourhood of Greta Bridge:—

"Mr. Squeers's appearance was not prepossessing. He had but one eye, and the popular prejudice runs in favour of two. The eye he had was unquestionably useful, but decidedly not ornamental, being of a greenish grey, and in shape resembling the fanlight of a street door. The blank side of his face was much wrinkled and puckered up, which gave him a very sinister appearance, especially when he smiled, at which times his expression bordered closely on the villanous. His hair was very flat and shiny, save at the ends, where it was brushed stiffly up from a low protruding forehead, which assorted well with his harsh voice and coarse manner. He was about two or three and fifty, and a trifle below the middle size; he wore a white neckerchief with long ends, and a suit of scholastic black, but his coat sleeves being a great deal too long, and his trousers a great deal too short, he appeared ill at ease in his clothes, and as if he were in a perpetual state of astonishment at finding himself so respectable.

"Mr. Squeers was standing in a box by one of the coffee-room fire-places, fitted with one such table as is usually seen in coffee-rooms, and two of extraordinary shapes and dimensions made to suit the angles of the partition. In a corner of the seat was a very small deal trunk, tied round with a scanty piece of cord; and on the trunk was perched—his

lace-up half-boots and corduroy trousers dangling in the air—a diminutive boy, with his shoulders drawn up to his ears, and his hands planted on his knees, who glanced timidly at the schoolmaster from time to time with evident dread and apprehension.

"Half past three," muttered Mr. Squeers, turning from the window, and looking sulkily at the coffee-room clock. 'There will be nobody here to-day.'

"Much vexed by this reflection, Mr. Squeers looked at the little boy to see whether he was doing anything he could beat him for: as he happened not to be doing anything at all, he merely boxed his ears, and told him not to do it again.

"At Midsummer," muttered Mr. Squeers, resuming his complaint, 'I took down ten boys; ten twenties—two hundred pound. I go back at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, and have got only three—three oughts an ought—three twos six—sixty pound. What's come of all the boys? what's parents got in their heads? what does it all mean?'

"Here the little boy on the top of the trunk gave a violent sneeze.

"Halloo, Sir!" growled the schoolmaster, turning round. 'What's that, Sir?'

"Nothing, please Sir," replied the little boy.

"Nothing, Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Squeers.

"Please Sir, I sneezed," rejoined the boy, trembling till the little trunk shook under him.

"Oh! sneezed, did you?" retorted Mr. Squeers. 'Then what did you say "nothing" for, Sir?'

"In default of a better answer to this question, the little boy screwed a couple of knuckles into each of his eyes and began to cry, wherefore Mr. Squeers knocked him off the trunk with a blow on one side of his face, and knocked him on again with a blow on the other.

"Wait till I get you down into Yorkshire, my young gentleman," said Mr. Squeers, 'and then I'll give you the rest. Will you hold that noise, Sir?'

"Ye—ye—yes," sobbed the little boy, rubbing his face very hard with the Beggar's Petition in printed calico.

"Then do so at once, Sir," said Squeers. 'Do you hear?'

"As this admonition was accompanied with a threatening gesture, and uttered with a savage aspect, the little boy rubbed his face harder, as if to keep the tears back; and, beyond alternately sniffing and choking, gave no further vent to his emotions.

"Mr. Squeers," said the waiter, looking in at this juncture; 'here's a gentleman asking for you at the bar.'

"Show the gentleman in, Richard," replied Mr. Squeers, in a soft voice. 'Put your handkerchief in your pocket, you little scoundrel, or I'll murder you when the gentleman goes.'

"The schoolmaster had scarcely uttered these words in a fierce whisper, when the stranger entered. Affecting not to see him, Mr. Squeers feigned to be intent upon mending a pen, and offering benevolent advice to his youthful pupil.

"My dear child," said Mr. Squeers, 'all people have their trials. This early trial of yours that is fit to make your little heart burst, and your very eyes come out of your head with crying, what is it? Nothing; less than nothing. You are leaving your friends, but you will have a father in me, my dear, and a mother in Mrs. Squeers. At the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, where youth are boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries—'

"It is the gentleman," observed the stranger, stopping the schoolmaster in the rehearsal of his advertisement. 'Mr. Squeers, I believe, Sir?'

"The same, Sir," said Mr. Squeers, with an assumption of extreme surprise.

"The gentleman," said the stranger, 'that advertised in the Times newspaper?'

"Morning Post, Chronicle, Herald, and Advertiser, regarding the Academy called Dotheboys Hall, at the delightful village of Dotheboys, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire," added Mr. Squeers.

"You come on business, Sir. I see by my young friends. How do you do, my little gentleman? and how do you do, Sir? With this salutation Mr. Squeers patted the heads of two hollow-eyed, small-boned little boys, whom the applicant had brought with him, and waited for further communications.

"I am in the oil and colour way. My name is Sawley, Sir," said the stranger."

The children are cheapened for Yorkshire consumption. They are not great eaters,—but, as Mr. Squeers well remarks, "We don't consider the boys' appetites at our establishment;" and they are added to the little wretch on the corded box. The schoolmaster is not abroad in the following dialogue:—

"Up to what age do you keep boys at your school then?" he asked at length.

"Just as long as their friends make the quarterly payments to my agent in town, or until such time as they run away," replied Squeers. "Let us understand each other; I see we may safely do so. What are these boys;—natural children?"

"No," rejoined Sawley, meeting the gaze of the schoolmaster's one eye. "They are not."

"I thought they might be," said Squeers coolly. "We have a good many of them; that boy's one."

"Him in the next box?" said Sawley.

Squeers nodded in the affirmative, and his companion took another peep at the little boy on the trunk, and turning round again, looked as if he were quite disappointed to see him so much like other boys, and said he should hardly have thought it.

"He is," cried Squeers. "But about these boys of yours; you wanted to speak to me?"

"Yes," replied Sawley. "The fact is, I am not their father, Mr. Squeers. I'm only their father-in-law."

"Oh! Is that it?" said the schoolmaster. "That explains it once. I was wondering what the devil you were going to send them to Yorkshire for. Ha! ha! Oh, I understand now."

"You see I have married the mother," pursued Sawley; "it's expensive keeping boys at home, and as she has a little money in her own right, I am afraid (women are so very foolish, Mr. Squeers) that she might be led to squander it on them, which would be their ruin, you know."

"I see," returned Squeers, throwing himself back in his chair, and waving his hand.

"And this," resumed Sawley, "has made me anxious to put them to some school a good distance off, where there are no holidays—none of those ill-judged comings home twice a year that unsettle children's minds so—and where they may rough it a little—you comprehend?"

"The payments regular, and no questions asked," said Squeers, nodding his head.

"That's it, exactly," rejoined the other. "Morals strictly attended to though."

"Strictly," said Squeers.

"Not too much writing home allowed, I suppose?" said the father-in-law, hesitating.

"None, except a circular at Christmas, to say that they never were so happy, and hope they may never be sent for," rejoined Squeers.

"Nothing could be better," said the father-in-law, rubbing his hands.

"Then, as we understand each other," said Squeers, "will you allow me to ask you whether you consider me a highly virtuous, exemplary, and well-conducted man in private life; and whether, as a person whose business it is to take charge of youth, you place the strongest confidence in my unimpeachable integrity, liberality, religious principles, and ability?"

"Certainly I do," replied the father-in-law, reciprocating the schoolmaster's grin.

"Perhaps you won't object to say that, if I make you a reference?"

"Not the least in the world."

"That's your sort," said Squeers, taking up a pen; "this is doing business, and that's what I like."

This opens the secret of calling "witnesses to character," with a vengeance. Young Nickleby, by some mysterious arrangement of the wealthy Ralph, is appointed head usher or master to the footless prison, yeelpot a school, in the north; and the story breaks off—as Dinazade's invariably do in the "Arabian Nights"—at an interesting point in prospectus.

We must not omit to mention that the characters are drawn twice over,—to the eye as well as to the mind. Before they escape from the

passport or hue-and-cry style in which 'Boz' takes them down, they are compelled to sit for their likenesses to 'Phiz'; and he does not spare them a wrinkle on the forehead—a deficiency or an excess of stomach (as the ladies phrase it), or dress, a turn of the hair, or a chain to the watch.

Queen Elizabeth and her Times, &c. By Thos. Wright.

[Second Notice.]

SINCE our former notice, we have gone carefully over this collection, and, on comparison, find that more of the papers than we had anticipated have been given to the public—amongst others, part of those printed last week. The following letters from Sir Francis Drake, relative to the defeat of the Armada, are so generally interesting, that we shall give them entire:—

"Sir Francis Drake to Sir Francis Walsingham.

"Although I do very well know that your Honor shall be at large advertised by my very good Lord the Lord Admirall, that the Spanish forces are described to be near at hand, in several companies, on our coast, as it is reported for certain by three barks, unto whom they gave chase and made shott, yet have I thought it good also to write these few lynes unto your Honor, nothing doubting but that, with God's assistance, they shall be so sought out and encountered withall in such sort, as I hope will qualifie their malicious and long pretended practises. And therefore I beseeche your Honor to pray continually for our good success in this action, to the performance whereof we have all resolutely avowed the adventure of our lynes.

"June the 24th, 1588."

"Sir Francis Drake to Lord Henry Seymour.

"Right Honorable and my verie good Lord, I am commanded by my good Lord the Lord Admirall, to send you the carvel in haste with these letters, giving your Lordship to understand that the armye of Spaine arrived upon our coast the 20th of the present; and the 21st we had them in chase, and in coming up to them there had passed some common shott between some of our flete and some of them; and, as far as we can perceive, they are determined to sell their lynes with blowes. Whereupon his Lordship hath commanded me to write unto your Lordship and Sir William Winter, and those shippes serving under your charge should be put into the best and strongest manner you can, and ready to assist his Lordship, for the better encountering of them in those parts where you nowe are. In the mean tyme, what his Lordship and the rest following hym may do, shall be surelie performed.

"His Lordship hath commanded me to write heartie commendations to your Lordship and Sir William Winter. I do salute your Lordship, Sir William Winter, Sir Henry Palmer, and all the rest of those honorable gentlemen serving under you, with the lyke, beseeching God of his mercie to give her Majestie our gracious sovereign alwayes victory against her enemies. Written aboard her Majesties good ship the Revenge, off of Start, the 21st late in the evening, 1588.

"Your Lordship's poor frend ready to be commanded,

FRANCIS DRAKE.

"Postscript.—This letter, my honorable good Lord, is sent in haste. The flete of Spaniards are somewhat above a hundred sailes, many great ships. But trulie I think not halfe of them men of warre. Haste!

"Your Lordship's assured,

FRANCIS DRAKE."

The following extract from a letter of Robert Cecil to his father, gives a curious account, and by an eye-witness, of the interview of the queen with the Polish ambassador, on which occasion she is said to have remarked that she was "enforced to scour up her old Latin":—

"There arrived three daies since in the cittie an ambassador out of Poland, a gentleman of excellent fashion, witte, discourse, language, and person; the Quene was possessed by some of our counsellours, that are as cunning in intelligence as in decyphering, that his negociation tendeth to a proposition of peace.

Her Majestie, in respect that his father the Duke of Finland had so much honored her, besides the lyking she had of this gentleman's comeliness and qualities, brought to her by reporte, did resolve to receive him publickely, in the chamber of presence, where most of the erles and noblemen about the Court attended, and made it a great day. He was brought in attired in a long robe of black velvet, well jewelled and buttoned, and came to kisse her Majestie's hands where she stood under the state, from whence he straight returned ten yards off, and then began his oration aloude in Latin, with such a gallant countenance, as in my lyfe I never behelde. The effect of it was this, that 'the King hath sent him to putt her Majestie in mynde of the auncient confederacies betweene the Kings of Poland and England; that never a monarche in Europe did willingly neglect their friendship, that he had ever frendly received her merchants and subjects of all quality, that she had suffered his to be spoyled without restitution, not for lacke of knowledge of the violences, but out of meere injustice, not caring to minister remedy, notwithstanding many particular petitions and letters received, and to confirme her disposition to avow these courses (violating both the law of nature and nations) because there were quarrels betweene her and the King of Spaine, she therefore tooke upon her, by mandate, to prohibite him and his countries, assuming thereby to herself a superioritie (not tolerable) over other Princes, nor he determined to endure, but rather wished her to knowe, that if there were so more than the auncient amitie betweene Spaine and him, it were no reason to look that his subjects should be impedit, much less now, when a stricte obligation of blood had so conjoined him with the illustrious howse of Austria; concluding that if her Majestie would not reforme it, he would.

"To this I swear by the living God, her Majestie made one of the best answers extempore, in Latin, that ever I heard, being much moved to be so challenged in publick, especially against her expectation. The words of her beginning were these 'Expectavi legationem, nihilo vero querelam adduxisti. Is this the business your King has sent you about? surely, I can hardly believe, that if the King himself were present, he would have used such language, for if he should, I must have thought that his being a King of not many years, and that *non de jure sanguinis, sed jure electionis imo noviter electus*, may leave him un- informed of that course which his father and ancestors have taken with us, and, which, peradventure, shall be observed by those that shall come to live after him. And as for you,' saith she to the ambassador, 'although I perceive you have read many books, to fortifie your arguments in this case, yet I am apt to believe that you have not lighted upon the chapter that prescribeth the forme to be used betweene kings and princes; but were it not for the place you hold, to have so publickly an imputation throwne upon our justice, which as yet never failed, we would answer this audacitie of yours in another style; and for the particulars of your negotiations, we will appoint some of our counsell to conferre with you, to see upon what ground this clamor of yours hath his foundation, who shewed yourself rather an heralde than an ambassador.'

"I assure your Lordship, though I am not apt to wonder, I must confesse before the living Lord that I never heard her (when I knew her spirits were in a passion) speake with better moderation in my lyfe.

"You will think it strange that I am thus idle, as to use another bodie's hand. I assure you I have hurte my thumb at this hour, and because the Quene told me, she was sorry you heard not his Latin and hers, I promised her to make you partaker of as much as I could remember, being, as I knew, the worst you would expect from her, and yet the best could come from any other. If, therefore, this letter finde you, and that you write backe before your going, I pray you to take notice that you were pleased to heare of her wise and eloquent answer."

Here is a curious and characteristic letter of Elizabeth, addressed to Burghley:—

"Queen Elizabeth to Lord Burghley.

"Sir Spirit, I doubt I do nickname you, for those of your kinde (they say) have no sense, but I have of late seen an *ecce signum*, that if an ass kicke you, you feele it too soone. I will recant you from being

my spirit, if ever I perceive that you disdain not such a feeling. Serve God, feare the Kinge, and be a good fellow to the rest. Let never care appeare in you for such a rumor, but let them well know, that you rather desire the righting of such wrongs, by making knowne their error, then you to be so silly a soule, as to foreslowe that you ought to do, or not freely delayer what you thinke meetest, and pass of no man so much, as not to regard her trust, who puts it in you.

"God bless you, and long may you last,
Omnino, E. R.

"(Received 8th May, 1583.)"

Another of hers deserves quoting, for its spirited, straightforward style:—

"Queen Elizabeth to the King of Scots.

"Among your many studies, my dear brother and cousin, I would Isocrates' noble lesson were not forgotten, that wills the Emperor, his sovereigne, to make his words of more account than other men do their oathes, as meetest ensigns to shewe the truest badge of a prince's arms. It moveth me much to move you, when I behold how reversely sundry wicked spirits distract your minde, and bend your course to wicked pathes, and like all evil illusions, wrapped under the cloak of your best safetie, endanger your state and best good. How may it be, that you can suppose an honorable answer may be made me, when all your doings gainsay your former vows? You deal not with one whose experience can take drosse for good payment, or one that easily will be beguiled; no, no, I mind to set to school your craftiest counsellors. I am sorry to see you bent to wrong yourself, in thinking to wrong others; yea, those which, if they had not even then taken opportunity to let a ruin, that was newly begun, that plot would have perilled you more than a thousand of such men's lives be worth, that persuade you to avouch such deedes, to deserre a faultless pardon. Why do you forget what you wrote to myself, with your own hand, shewing how dangerous a course the Duke was entered in, though you excused himself to think no harm therein? And yet they that with your safetie preserved you from it, you must now seem to give them reproach of guilty folk. I hope you more esteem your honor than to give it such a staine, since you have protested so often to have taken these Lords for your most affectionate subjects, and to have done all for your best.* To conclude, I beseech you passe no further in this cause till you receive an expresse messenger, a trusty servant of mine, from me, by whom I mean to deal like an affectionate sister with you, as of whom you shall see plainly you may receive honor and contentment, with more surety to yourself and state, than all these dissembling counsellors will or can bring you; as knoweth the Lord, to whose most safe keeping I do commyt you, with my many commendations to your person. Your most assured and faithfull sister and cousin,
E. R.

"(Aug. 1583.)"

Many of Burghley's letters are singular, naive, and playful. The following will show that even the grave lord Treasurer could pun:—

"Lord Burghley to Sir Robert Cecil.

"Even now I received your letter, wherein you report her Majestie's care for my helth, for the which I most humbly thank her, hoping that her good wishings shall help to return me to strength for her service, which I esteeme the service of God, whose place she holdeth in earth. That was spoken of my answer, that before dinner I was no man, and after dinner half a man, was thus far misreported. For I said before dinner I was but one quarter of a man, and after dinner half a man, now for some increase to better, by drynking of a draught of red wyne and sugar, and since your good going to me, I make account to be three-quarters of a man whole, and one quarter syck. Thus I am pleased in a fancy to express my estate, wherewith you may acquaint her Majestie, when she hath no other matter to hearken to.

* "He imprisoned certain Lords, that preserved his life from peril, and bereaved some of them of their lives, being his most affectionate subjects; therefore she desireth him to pass no further in that cause, till she sent a messenger unto him with an embassy. This trusty messenger was Mr. Secretary Walsingham."—Marginal note in the Original MS.

"I thank her Majestie for her offer to me of my Lord Admirall's lodging, but I never had audacitie to require other lodging than was allotted to me, and yet I presume my Lord Admirall will without offence yield therto.

"God send her Majestie a well-disposed carnyvall, or a care-vale, to be rid of all cares!"

"(Feb. 10th, 1593.)"

"Your loving father,
W. BURGHLEY."

The following, with which we now conclude, is interesting, since it was probably the last letter Burghley ever wrote with his own hand; he died scarcely more than three weeks after:—

"Though I know you count it your duty in nature so continually to shew you careful of my state of health, yet were I also unnatural, if I should not take comfort thereby, and to beseeke Almighty God to bless you with supply of such blessings as I cannot in this infirmite yield you.

"Only I pray you diligently and effectually, let her Majesty understand how her singular kynndess doth overcome my power to acquit it, who though she will not be a mother, yet she sheweth herself by feeding me with her own princely hand, as a careful nurse, and if I may be weaned to fede myself, I shall be more ready to serve her on the earth, if not, I hope to be in heaven a servitor for her and God's church.

"And so I thank you for your partriches.

"10 July, 1598."

Sabbath; Honor Neale; and other Poems.
By R. C. Trench. Moxon.

THE popularity, however limited, of a school in which contemplation is substituted for incident,—which wins its triumphs, however modest, on the calm, quiet utterance of nature and truth, is to us a subject of congratulation; and, therefore, Mr. Trench's volume is welcome, though, strictly tested, it is but of second-rate merit. The author's best gift is truth and delicacy of feeling;—witness his 'Honor Neale,' one of the "short and simple annals of the poor":—those most largely denied to him, are a sense of the limits which divide the languages of Prose and Poetry, and an ear for the melody of versification, whose very essence is variety. Any one who attempts to read 'Honor Neale' aloud, or the 'Anti-Gnosticus,' also written in blank verse, will be constantly compelled to give, by accent and pronunciation, features and colour to passages where neither feature nor colour intrinsically exists. Hence, the short poems, and those wherein the author is most arbitrarily tied by the ordinances of metre, are the best in the volume. We shall extract two of these: the first would be very Wordsworthian, had it the force or finish of Him of Rydal.

A Walk in a Churchyard.

We walked within the Church-yard bounds,
My little boy and I—
He laughing, running happy rounds,
I pacing mournfully.

"Nay, child! it is not well," I said,
"Among the graves to shout,
To laugh and play among the dead,
And make this noisy rout."

A moment to my side he clung,
Leaving his merry play,
A moment stilled his joyous tongue,
Almost as hushed as they.

Then, quite forgetting the command
In life's exulting burst
Of early glee, let go my hand,
Joyous as at the first.

And now I did not check him more,
For, taught by Nature's face,
I had grown wiser than before
Even in that moment's space:

She spread no funeral pall above
That patch of churchyard ground,
But the same azure vault of love
As hung o'er all around.

And white clouds o'er that spot would pass,
As freely as elsewhere;
The sunshine on no other grass
A richer hue might wear.

And formed from out that very mould
In which the dead did lie,
The daisy with its eye of gold
Looked up into the sky.

The rook was wheeling overhead,
Nor hastened to be gone to bed,
The small bird did its glad notes shed,
Perched on a grey head-stone.

And God, I said, would never give
This light upon the earth,
Nor bid in childhood's heart to live
These springs of gushing mirth,

If our one wisdom were to mourn,
And linger with the dead,
To nurse, as wisest, thoughts forlorn
Of worm and earthy bed.

Oh no, the glory Earth puts on,
The child's unchecked delight,
Both witness to a triumph won—
(If we but judged aright.)

A triumph won o'er sin and death,
From these the Saviour saves;
And, like a happy infant, Faith
Can play among the graves.

To a Robin Red-breast singing in Winter.

Oh light of heart and wing,
Light-hearted and light-winged, that dost cheer
With song of sprightliest note the waning year,
Thou canst so blithely sing,
That we must only chide our own dull heart,
If in thy music we can bear no part.

Thy haunts are winter-bare,
The leaves in which thou didst so lately keep
Are being trodden to a sorry heap;

But thou art voice of care,
And singest not the less, or rather thou
Hast kept thy best and boldest notes till now.

Thou art so bold to sing
Thy sweetest music in the saddest hour,
Because thy trust is in the love and power,
Which can bring back the spring,
Which can array the naked groves again,
And paint with seasonable flowers the plain.

But we are merely sad,
When as for us this earthly life has shed
The leaves that once arrayed it; and instead
Of rich boughs, foliage-clad,
A few bare sticks and twigs stand nakedly,
Fronting against the cold and angry sky.

Yet would we only see
That hope and joy, the growth of lower earth,
Fall from us, that another truer birth
Of the same things may be;—
That the new buds are travelling up behind,
Though hid as yet beneath the naked rind,

We should not then resign
All gladness, when spring promises depart,
But 'mid our winkest bareness should find heart
To join our songs with thine,
Strong to fulfil, in spirit and in voice,
That hardest of all precepts—to rejoice.

In the 'Century of Couplets,' terseness and originality of aphorism have been aimed at, rather than reached. In the ballads, Mr. Trench has also often remained stranded on the shallows which, it is true, are to be found, occasionally, in the works of our old artless lyrists, but off which they never fail to push their craft after a moment's tarriance.

Mr. Trench, if we recollect right, was highly praised by that modern guardian of sonnets, Christopher North, for his exquisite performance on the fourteen-stringed lute. To us, he seems to linger behind other of his compeers; we need but name one, Mr. Strong, who far excels him; but that those curious in the matter may once again compare and appreciate, we will close our notice by citing the two last pages of his book.

To feel that we are homeless exiles here,
To listen to the world's discordant tone,
As to a private discord of our own,
To know that we are fallen from a sphere
Of higher being, pure, serene, and clear,
Into the darkness of this din-estate—
This thought may sometimes make us desolate,
For this we may shed many a secret tear.
But to mistake our dungeon for a throne,
Our place of exile for our native land,
To hear no discord in the universe,
To find no matter over which to groan,
This (oh that men would rightly understand!)
This seeming better, were indeed far worse.

How thick the wild-flowers blow about our feet,
Thick-strewn and unregarded, which, if rare,
We should take note how beautiful they were,
How delicately wrought, of scent how sweet.
And mercies which do everywhere us meet,
Whose very commonness should win more praise,
Do for that very cause less wonder raise,
And these with slighter thankfulness we greet.
Yet pause thou often on life's onward way,

Passe time enough to stoop and gather one
Of these sweet wild-flowers—time enough to tell
Its beauty over—this when thou hast done,
And marked it duly, then if thou canst lay
It wet with thankful tears into thy bosom, well!

Here we must take leave of Mr. Trench,
after having spent, over his miscellany, one of
the most placid and pleasant evenings which has
this year fallen to our lot. Many of our readers,
we trust, will follow our example.

On the State of Education in Holland, as regards Schools for the Working Classes and the Poor. By M. Victor Cousin: translated with Preliminary Observations by L. Horner, Esq. Murray.

Fourth Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.

The system of public instruction in Holland is very simple; it is placed under the control of the Secretary of the Home Department, who is aided by an under-secretary of education, and an inspector of schools. A central board is established for regulating the primary schools, which consists of a certain number of provincial school-inspectors, who assemble from time to time at the Hague, and thus give an uniform and powerful impulse to public education. The most important feature in the Dutch law of primary instruction is, that it aims not to establish many schools, but to have good schools; and this is assuredly the right principle, for, as M. Cousin justly observes, "to have no school at all in a parish is a disadvantage, but a bad school is a calamity." The Hollanders have accomplished their object, by providing a vigorous superintendence; but they have wisely left the details of management to be determined by circumstances and experience.

It is unnecessary to enter further into details, or to inquire how far the Dutch system is applicable to Great Britain. A more useful and a more gratifying task is to point out the progress of the great question of National Education, to show what has been done, and to ascertain what further steps are immediately practicable. It has been legislatively acknowledged that the education of the people is a duty of the government, by the parliamentary grant placed at the disposal of the Treasury; the next thing required is the appointment of proper functionaries to superintend the distribution of the grant. Here the example of Holland is well worthy of imitation. "Directors of education," says M. Cousin, "are chosen, not because they hold this or that office, but on account of their fitness for the duty." This is the only true test, and if any other be applied, the experiment about to be made in England will be a failure. Assistance given to all applicants indiscriminately will only perpetuate bad schools; but grants made after rigid examination and inquiry, will soon lead to the establishment and extension of good schools.

The recent inquiry into the Irish system of National Education has produced one beneficial result; it has directed the attention of the Board to the imperfections in their system of inspection; and the following extract, from the last Report of the Commissioners, will show that this deficiency is about to be remedied:—

"We are taking measures for dividing Ireland into School-districts, appointing a superintendent for each, and establishing in each a Model School. We intend that the Superintendent shall reside at the Model School; that he shall frequently visit the several Schools in his charge; that he shall receive a Report upon each from the Teacher once a month; and that he shall make a Quarterly Report upon the whole to us. He will also be required, from time to time, to inquire into such matters as we may refer to him; and to report specially thereupon. We think that there should be twenty-five districts; as by this means the size of each may be such, that by placing

the Model School in a central position, the superintendent will in general be able to proceed from it to any school in his charge, and return in the course of the day."

A number of useful improvements are about to be introduced into the Normal school; their utility is so obvious, that it is not necessary to add a word of comment.

"We intend that our Normal establishment, which we hope will be completed in January next, shall consist of two departments: one for elementary, the other for scientific instruction. And that the latter shall teach in particular those branches of science which have a practical application to husbandry and handicraft. We also purpose having a School for Industry in the immediate neighbourhood of Dublin, with work-rooms, and a farm of from forty to fifty acres annexed to it; and that those who attend it shall be practised at stated times in different descriptions of manual work, and in the general business of Agriculture. Our object is not to teach trades, but to facilitate a perfect learning of them by explaining the principles upon which they depend, and habituating young persons to expertness in the use of their hands. Considering, too, the very backward state of Agriculture in Ireland, and that it forms the only source of employment for a vast portion of the labouring poor, we think it particularly desirable that a better knowledge of it should be promoted; and that the Schools under us should tend as far as practicable to bring forward an intelligent class of farm labourers and servants."

It is also intended to establish a graduated scale of rewards for masters and pupils, and to connect this part of the system with arrangements for affording higher and more extensive instruction than can be at present obtained in the National Schools. When these improvements are effected, the Irish system of elementary instruction will be nearly as complete as we could desire. The plans for establishing schools of a higher order and provincial colleges, are not yet sufficiently matured for discussion; but it is important to have it known that such measures are under consideration.

It is manifest that more has been done for National Education in Ireland than in England; there are now 1,300 schools under the superintendence of the Board, and the following table will show the number of scholars and teachers in each province.

PROVINCE.	Number of Scholars.	Average Number of Children on Roll.			Number of Teachers.		
		Males.	Females.	Total.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Ulster.....	484	29,144	18,536	47,680	425	82	507
Munster.....	235	23,321	16,673	39,994	208	107	315
Leinster.....	410	32,714	25,555	58,269	280	178	458
Connaught.....	131	12,219	7,767	19,986	120	40	160
	1300	97,398	68,831	166,229	1042	407	1449

This is a gratifying statement so far as it goes; but we regret to see that Munster and Connaught, where education is most required, are the provinces where there is the lowest number of schools. We have reason, however, to believe, that the next report will exhibit a more pleasing result, and that the success of the experiment will be so decisively demonstrated, as to justify the application of the same system to England, with such modification as the difference in the social condition of the two countries may require.

Count Cagliostro, or the Charlatan. 3 vols. Bull.

By the scenery, costume, and style of this book, we should divine it to owe its parentage to the author of 'The Gambler's Dream.' If our guess be right, we may congratulate a clever writer on having made an advance in his art; for the tale before us is better sustained, more interesting, and less questionable in moral, than

its predecessor. Though the days of charlatanism in real life (*vide* recent miraculous doings in Orchard, and other streets,) be not passed, alas for our common sense!—the adept, or alchemist, or astrologer, has been so long hackneyed in fiction, as to have fallen a little into disrepute: and hence we are sorry that a mere conjuror—be he ever so remarkable for his tricks and hair-breadth 'scapes, the extent of his mysterious influence over the weak and credulous, as Cagliostro was,—should be selected as the central figure for a picture:—fearing that the artist, by choosing such a subject, runs a great chance of finding but little reward for his skill. His tale, however, is well constructed. The young Italian is displayed, early in life, giving us "a cast of his office," in a convent intrigue, the fruit of which—a fair girl—is the heroine of the novel: and who, being separated from her mother, falls, while yet a child, into the power of the notorious Duke de Fronsac. The latter educates her, and secludes her from the world for his own purposes; and it is not until the boastfulness of his libertinism hurries him into a wager as to her beauty, and entails upon him her exhibition to a young Englishman, who is to decide the bet,—that she discovers, at the same moment, what those purposes may be, and that she is capable of a purer love. Her subsequent escapes and adventures,—which lead her into the Bastille, under the warrant of the last *lettre de cachet* ever issued,—are, in the main, ruled, and finally decided, by Cagliostro; and excite a strong and progressive interest. The scene we shall extract does not refer to them indeed, but it offers a fair specimen of the author's descriptive powers: it being premised, that the Duke de Fronsac, and his familiar, the Count d'Ostalis, had visited the man of art, for the purpose of receiving advice how they might best reclaim Antonia, who had escaped from the toils of the former. They fall into conversation, in the course of which Cagliostro boasts of his extraordinary powers.

"Let us make the experiment," cried Count d'Ostalis, ever eager after anything that promised excitement or amusement, and glad to stop a conversation which had already wearied him. 'Show us Jean Jacques Rousseau.'"

"Your wish shall be gratified," replied Cagliostro; 'you shall behold the Genevese enthusiast.'

"He went to a chest, from which he took two moderate-sized phials, and presented them to his visitors.

"You must prepare yourself by drinking these cordials," said he.

"The two noblemen complied with his request. Count d'Ostalis seemed sobered by the act; but the Duke appeared determined to maintain his bravado to the last.

"I suppose, Count Cagliostro, you always keep full-length portraits of Voltaire and Rousseau ready painted on the slides of your gallantee-show. By Bacchus," added he, smacking his lips, 'this liquor is delicious. Can you let me have a few bottles from your stock? Name your own price.'

"I am not a wine-merchant," drily replied Cagliostro. He then went to the side of the apartment; and touching probably some secret spring in the wall, the tapestry rolled up like the curtain of a theatre, and disclosed a dark recess, filled with a quantity of unknown and uncouth apparatus. The Duke fancied that he saw huge masses of polished steel, fashioned somewhat after the shapes which are ordinarily given to magnets. Coils of wire, which were apparently interminable, together with wheels, and pulleys, and the other machinery requisite for producing motion. But the darkness of the recess prevented him from viewing any object with precision or certainty. Across the entrance was placed a black couch, on which two persons might recline. The external surface of this piece of furniture had the lustre peculiar to metallic substances, and seemed to be formed of a curiously woven tissue of different sized wires. Above the couch was suspended a sort of canopy, which seemed composed of the same materials.

"Now, Messieurs," said Cagliostro, "sent yourselves on this metallic sofa."

"They obeyed the order. Count d'Ostalis was serious; but the Duke burst into a fit of laughter, in which however an acute ear might have detected something forced."

"Both soon reclined their heads upon the back of the couch. In another minute they began to breathe hard, although their eyes were still open. Soon they were buried in profound slumber."

"How long they remained in this state, neither the Count nor the Duke could tell; but from what they afterwards saw, they presumed their artificial slumbers were terminated by Cagliostro himself. When they awoke, they found that extraordinary man bending over them, with looks of intense attention. With a large watch, which he held in his hand, he intently marked the time. So bewildered and overwrought were their senses by what they had seen during the trance, that some time elapsed before they could recollect where they were."

"The Duke was the first to speak. 'Pardon me, Cagliostro,' said he with an air of the deepest respect, 'for the foolish expression I was rash enough to apply to you, before I was witness of your power. It is indeed great! But how could I suppose it from your conversation? It is so common a talent in France to talk well. Nay, the very ability with which you played at words, made me doubt your practical skill in other matters.'"

"Make no apologies, Duke, but tell me what saw you?"

"Did you not see him yourself?" asked both the nobleman in great surprise.

"I saw nothing," replied Cagliostro, "for I did not touch the sofa."

"That is strange," said the Duke, "for I still continued to view both D'Ostalis and yourself."

"And so did I," added Count d'Ostalis.

"And whom saw you besides?" asked Cagliostro.

"We saw an old man," replied Count d'Ostalis, "who seemed aged with sufferings rather than years. His face, and especially his figure, indicated that he had once been eminently handsome, or at any rate interesting. His forehead was furrowed by grief or thought. His eyes were sunken, but still shone clear and bright. His cheeks were hollow! but, above all, there were present about the mouth those deep and fatal lines which inevitably follow the bitter and repeated conflict of contending passions."

"Why, D'Ostalis," interrupted the Duke, "when did you ever notice the lines of a face, before, or moralize thereon? The magic sleep has inspired him, added he to Cagliostro: 'the description is however admirably exact; I subscribe to every word of it.'"

"How do you relish the prophecy contained in the phantasm's discourse?" asked the Duke.

"It is not worth thinking about," carelessly replied the Count; "I am told that Rousseau, in his mad fits, used often to pour forth to his private friends similar vaticinations."

"The phantasm," said Cagliostro, "naturally repeats after death what its original was wont to utter during life; and both will prove true."

"And what," inquired the Duke, of Cagliostro, "do you predict will be my own individual fate amidst the awful convulsions which the phantasm predicted?"

"I am neither seer nor prophet," replied Cagliostro, "but a humble follower of science, endowed with no inspiration, but the resources of my own skill. I cannot answer the question in my own person, but you may ascertain the truth yourself."

"By what means?"

"Sent yourself again on yonder mystic couch," replied Cagliostro. "This time you will lose your consciousness; and will not recollect anything that you may see, hear, or say. But when brought under the magneto-electric influence, you will readily answer all questions that are proposed to you respecting your own destiny."

"And how shall I ascertain the correctness of your report?" asked the Duke.

"Count d'Ostalis shall witness the process. Yet bethink you, it was not without good reason that Dame Nature hid the future from our prying eyes. The foreknowledge of your fate will not enable you to avoid it. The anticipation may affect your mind with terror—may inspire you with the

profoundest caution, but all in vain. The anticipation, and the terror, and the caution, will constitute links in the immense chain of pre-ordained events—nay, perhaps, they may be made the very means of fulfilling your destiny."

"I should have thought," answered the Duke, "that a fatalism so complete as yours, would not have left me the choice of knowing my fate or remaining in ignorance: but be that as it may," (and his haughty lip curled as he spoke) "be assured that terror forms no part of my composition. I would rather know the worst, and be satisfied."

"That is your deliberate resolution?" demanded Cagliostro.

"It is," replied the Duke firmly.

"Be it so. Your desire shall be gratified. It is a pity," muttered Cagliostro, as the Duke walked boldly up to the couch, and seated himself on it, "it is a pity so much moral courage and such indomitable resolution never found a fitting sphere of action."

"Cagliostro gave him as before a preparatory draught, and then set his machinery in motion. The Duke speedily sunk into deep slumber. His eyes still remained open, but their sense was shut; and there was something in the fixed stare of his vacant pupils that made his companions feel that he did not perceive them. Cagliostro, having accurately marked the time by his watch, at last said in a forced and unnatural low tone of voice, 'Duke de Fronsac, enact the last scene of thine own career.'"

"The sleeping nobleman seemed immediately agitated by the most frightful convulsions. He struggled fiercely, like one contending with a crowd of assailants. The big drops of perspiration broke out on his brow; his eyes rolled with ghastly force and rapidity, and his whole appearance assumed the aspect of a victim resisting his murderers, with desperate but ineffectual efforts. At length words found their way in broken gasps from his labouring bosom. 'Drive on—who stops my carriage—over the caudille, if they will not give way—ha! what means this? Weapons!—We are beset! Pierre! Jacques, use your pistols.—Back, caitiff! on your life back!—Nay, if your will—ha! ha! ha! I have still the other ball!—Ah! take, take your fingers from my throat—ruffians I defy you all—spit at you—Cagliostro! demon! What dost thou here?'"

"This is dreadful! damnable!" exclaimed Count d'Ostalis, exasperated beyond all endurance by the horrible exhibition: "stop this scene instantly—or I will drag him off the sofa—I will by Heavens—"

"Patience!" said Cagliostro, "you will kill him if you are rash. I will break the trance. See here—He applied a phial to the nostrils of the agonized nobleman. The latter instantly awoke, and arose from the sofa, like a person who had just recovered from an epileptic fit,—exhausted, but totally unconscious of the fearful struggles by which he has been convulsed."

"Good God," cried he, stretching himself, "how hot and weary I feel: what is this?" continued he, putting his hand to his streaming forehead. "Ha! what has happened? Monsieur de Cagliostro, what has blanched your cheeks and made your lips white? D'Ostalis, why do you shake and tremble so? What has happened? what have I said?"

"Neither answered."

"A heart more impenetrable to fear than the Duke de Fronsac's never beat beneath a covering of flesh; but terror is of all human passions the most contagious; and under some circumstances the infection is irresistible. A cold chill of apprehension ran through his exhausted frame, as he stood gazing on the horror-stricken countenances of his companions."

"This matter," said he, "passes the bounds of a frolic. It is not however too late to retreat. Monsieur le Comte de Cagliostro, I have a favour to ask of you. Tell me not a syllable of what you have heard or seen."

There are other scenes of a lighter humour than this, but not less cleverly wrought: one—a *petit souper*—where Beaumarchais, and other wits of the philosophical era, are made to talk in a sprightly and probable manner: and we have a glimpse of Louis Seize and Marie Antoinette, in which the royal figures, though slightly sketched, are clearly made out; the catastrophe of the tale being brought about by

the capture and massacre at the Bastille. Of the whole, without any remarkable depth, or striking originality, this is one of the most effective novels, of its kind, which has appeared for some months.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Plain Directions for making Wills, by J. C. Hudson. —*The Executor's Guide*, by J. C. Hudson. These little books will be useful to those persons who, having property to leave to relatives and friends, are not bent upon getting their intentions mystified at so much a folio, through the incumbering help of an attorney, as well as to those who, being willing to conduct the affairs of a deceased friend for the quiet benefit of his kith and kin, refrain from flying, as soon as the breath is out of a testator's body, into the long and fatal embrace of the lord chancellor, or from coquetting with difficulties suggested by a solicitor's ingenuity. A man may now buy a cheap little book, through its aid make a straightforward will, and not only himself understand it before he signs it, but make those who are hereafter to fulfil or to be benefited by its directions, understand it also. The executor, also, may know what it is his duty to do, without smothering an estate with six-and-eight-pences, and thirteen-and-fourpences—expensive ornaments to the best ordered properties. Mr. Hudson, who, from his situation in the Legacy Duty Office, must be familiarized with the various labours and duties of the executor and administrator, is evidently a sensible practical man, who does not write books as Tristram Finkle purchased them, by the *square foot*, but who seeks only, and we think successfully, to convey, in plain and concise language, his instructions briefly and cheaply to poor will-making and administering mortality.

Thoughts on Tactics, by Lieut.-Colonel J. Mitchell. —The writer's object, as set forth in his preface, is to obtain for the army an efficient system of tactics; men, he observes, should be provided with good weapons and taught to use them with skill, instead of being left totally untutored, and provided with weapons, some of which cannot be used with skill; others of which, like bayonets, cannot be used at all, he further desires to see the soldier's condition improved, and his station raised in the scale of society, and promotion granted according to merit. As the papers which comprise the volumes, though much extended and some rewritten, appeared originally in the *United Service Journal*, where indeed the subject could be most properly considered, we have only to announce their re-publication.

Illustrations of the History and Practices of the Thugs.—The horrible system of organized murder established among the Phansigars or Thugs in India was brought under the consideration of the public in a paper read at the Asiatic Society in 1834, and published at the time in this Journal, when we referred the curious to the Asiatic Researches, vol. 13, for a more ample report on the origin and constitution of these bands. The inquiries instituted by the Indian government, and articles since published in the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Oriental Herald*, have diffused information on the subject so extensively that we need only announce the publication of the work before us, which contains the fullest information collected from the most authentic sources.

A Dissertation on the Causes and Effects of Disease, considered in reference to the moral Constitution of Man, by Henry Clarke Barlow, M.D.—This little pamphlet is one of a class of publications, with which we feel it a difficult and delicate task to deal. There is so much good intention in their design, yet so deep and dangerous an error in the execution, that we are perplexed between the apprehension of giving a worthy man uneasiness, and the desire to expose a popular sophism. Dr. Barlow has attempted to grapple with the great question of the origin of evil, and to "vindicate the ways of God to man," in afflicting him with disease, and subjecting him to pain. In all such inquiries, there is this obvious danger, that by making man's wit the measure of God's judgments, we risk (and that too often without sufficient occasion,) the putting forward of a weak and foolish reason, which may become a stumbling block to those who cannot understand that such a reason proves nothing, and merely leaves the case just where it found it. There are too many persons

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who, when dissatisfied with an argument, are accustomed to consider its weakness as proof of error in the position so erroneously defended; and thus a theological *non sequitur* may become a temptation to infidelity. After all, however, when a metaphysical speculator falsely attributes to the Divinity certain designs, in certain contingencies, he, in fact, only says, that he himself, if placed under those circumstances, would have acted in such a way. Whatever form his language assumes, it is of his own notions of fitness, and not of the Deity, that he discourses; and it is a great mistake to confound the truths of religion with any man's infallibility. If, however, no inference against religion can be properly drawn from the defects in a theological argument, so, on the other hand, no injury is done to religion by exposing such defects.

On the contrary: truth is always consistent with itself; and to remove a scaffolding of error from around it, is like the destruction of those ruinous and unsightly structures that have, in many places, been suffered to accumulate round our cathedrals; a destruction, which detracts nothing from the strength of those noble edifices, while it opens and displays the harmony of their majestic proportions, in all its beauty and distinctness. One main position which it is Mr. Barlow's design to establish, is, that diseases are not evils, inasmuch as their pain leads to the abandonment of the "intemperance, irregular habits, depraved passions, &c. &c." which engender them. Passing over, what must be obvious to any one acquainted with the subject, the fact, that this reasoning leaves the difficulty altogether untouched, the author does not see, that if physical pain or moral suffering did not naturally spring from irregular habits and depraved passions, they would not properly be so qualified; that if no ill to individuals or to society resulted from an action, it could not be an object of divine displeasure, or of moral reprobation. The train of reasoning therefore is not less illogical, than it is derogatory to the wisdom of the Creator. Such cunning contrivances as are here put forth, may be allowable to the comprehensions of limited mortality; but when imputed to the omnipotent and omniscient Creator, they tend rather to depreciate than to raise our sense of his perfection. Books of this calibre abound in the present day; and though written, as we have already said, with the best intention, they propagate unworthy and foolish ideas of Him, who is only to be worshipped in spirit and in truth. To think worthy of the Deity improves and ennobles the moral nature of man; it is, in some measure, to raise ourselves towards the divine perfection: to judge foolishly of his attributes is the worst form of idolatry; it humanizes the Deity to the weakness and imperfections of man's moral and intellectual nature. We cannot then but deprecate the too prevailing tendency to enter on rash and hasty dealings with a theme, which requires the highest genius to treat, not only with logical effect, but with a becoming reverence, and a real humility: and without wishing to give him pain, we must assure Dr. Barlow, that he is not among the chosen few, to whom it is given to conduct the discussion to a satisfactory conclusion.

List of New Books.—Sumner's Exposition of the Acts of the Apostles, 8vo. 12s. 6d., 2 vols. 12mo. 9s. 6d.—Union, or the Divided Church made One, by J. Harris, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Marsh's Lectures on the Criticism of the Bible, new edit. 8vo. 14s. 6d.—Roby's Tour on the Continent, 2 vols. post 8vo. 25s. 6d.—Life of Bishop Hobart, by Dr. McVicar, post 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Lawson's Sermons, 2nd series, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Mastell's Wonders of Geology, 2 vols. 6s. 15s. 6d.—The Robbers, a Tale, by G. P. R. James, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Milman's Gibbon's Rome, Vol. I. 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Flew de Gaveston, an Historical Tale, 2 vols. 12mo. 12s. 6d.—Line upon Line, Part I. 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Tallentire's Sermons on the Pentateuch, Vols. II. & III. 8vo. 6s. each, bds.—Bannister's British Colonization, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Bowyer's Dissertation on the Statutes of the Cities of Italy, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Hogarth's Musical History, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Todd's Sunday School Teacher, with Preface, by Althaus, 5th edit. 2s. 6d. cl.—The Great Metropolis, 1st series, 3rd edit. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. 6d.—Rufus, or the Red King, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Copley's Housekeeper's Guide, 12mo. 4s. 6d. bds.—Library of Useful Knowledge, British Husbandry, Vol. II. 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Lectures on the Teeth and Gums, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Roberts's Cypselus, 4th edit. 12mo. 5s.—The Child's Easy Drawing Book, 8s. 6d.—Benson's Carpenter's Pocket Dictionary, 2nd edit. 18mo. 4s. 6d.—Southey's Poetical Works, Vol. VI. 8s. 6d.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. VI. British Statesmen, Vol. V. 6s. cl.—Lockhart's Life of Burns, Vol. VII. post 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Family Library, Vol. XXV. Life of Gustavus Adolphus, 18mo. 5s. 6d.—Cramp's Philosophy of Language, 8vo. 7s. 6d. bds.

ATLANTIC STEAM NAVIGATION.

"Steam to New York."—The well-known steam-ship *Sirius*, Lieut. Roberts, R.N., Com., is intended to leave London for New York on Wednesday, the 28th of March, calling at Cork harbour, and to start from thence on Monday, the 2nd of April, returning from New York the 1st of May.—*Advertisement in the daily papers.*

There is really no mistake, then, in this long talked-of project of navigating the Atlantic Ocean by steam. There is no doubt, that is, of the existence of an intention to make the attempt, and to give the experiment, as such, a fair trial. Nor is this intention entertained (like many innovations somewhat more ingenious than will bear much examination) by an irresponsible party, or by one party alone, as we shall presently show. The whole commercial community, at least of our own country, and we may add of the United States, are alive to its interest. In Liverpool, New York, and the "Great Metropolis,"—the three depôts of the mercantile navigation of Christendom, as one may consider them—in old Bristol herself, is the sound of busy and emulous preparation for a new contest of enterprise, science, skill, and renown on the seas, heard upon many a wharf and shore:—"ferret opus"—the work goes bravely on. The *Sirius* is absolutely getting under weigh, while we write this paragraph, for America, New York, via Cork! The buzz of excitement yesterday, reached even the secluded walls of our own study. We rushed down to Blackwall, pell-mell, in an omnibus, like all the rest, to see, not the *Sirius*, but the "Great Western," which the papers have told us so much about for a month past. With a hundred workmen on board, engaged in finishing her ornamental work, and her berths merely, they have had a complete levée of strangers, it seems, for some weeks past. Our waterman, who had good reason to remember well, rated the number the day before at a thousand. Groups of the nobility and gentry, with his Grace of Wellington at their head, figured in the cabin album; and we met, as we came back, the Lord Mayor, with his state carriage and four footmen rolling in gold, dashing down to Blackwall to get a last glimpse: all in pursuit, in a word, of the great animals of the day—the steamers now starting for the other side of the Atlantic.

There is no mistake, then, we repeat, as to the trial of this experiment. They are "in blood steep in so far"—that is, in salt water and advertisements—that they could not sound a retreat if they would; and if they could they would not, it is clear enough. It would be only yielding gratuitously—what they have laboured hard to achieve,—that "possession" of the field and the start, which is, by the proverb, "nine points of the law." The *Sirius*, for example, being an already built, tried, and known boat, has succeeded in stealing a march on all her long-announced competitors, but it is only a start of a few days, which in a race, for the first time, over the Atlantic (much unlike a horse-race at Goodwood), is a trifle after all. She left this port on Wednesday of the current week; and now the *Great Western* is roused at length. One may see her excited almost like a living thing. She heaves her huge whale-like sides with impatience. Her paddles instinctively dash into the water, as a war-horse, when he hears a trumpet, paws the ground. And see, how the fierce breath of a giant defiance pours out of her eager nostrils! Look to it, *Sirius*!

In plain prose, we mean to inform our readers that the Bristol Company, the owners of this fine boat, announce their intention of moving her from London this day, round to her birthplace, and to start her thence for New York on Saturday next, April 7th. They remark, rather sharply, that "previously to her sailing, this ship will have made several trips to sea. She stows with ease sufficient coal for twenty-five days' steaming. It is unnecessary, therefore, to incur the delay of calling at Cork." Furthermore, the *Great Western* is "equipped for the sole purpose of maintaining a constant communication between England and New York." Again, "No letters will be taken, except upon payment at the rate of 1s. the single sheet, newspapers and slips 3d. each. Parcels in proportion to their size and weight, and a small quantity of light goods, at 5s. per ton. Specie and valuables a half

per cent. It is intended the *Great Western* should start from New York on her return to Bristol (which port has been fixed upon as the best for a western departure and arrival, and at the same time a convenient distance from the metropolis) between the 1st and 7th of May. A surgeon of high qualifications is engaged, and a branch pilot for the Bristol Channel and Irish coast is attached to the ship," &c. &c. This looks, it must be allowed, very much like a systematic, *bona fide*, putting of our so much agitated theory at length to the only true test. We do not doubt it will be as fair a test as any first one could be expected to be. Certainly, money or trouble has not been spared, as far as we can learn. We see it stated, in a late *New York Courier*, that "Lieut. J. Hosken arrived here on Thursday from Liverpool, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for the reception of the *Great Western* steam-ship, and for keeping up an intercourse, by her means, with Great Britain. She is already built, and is now in London, taking in her machinery. Having accomplished the object of his present voyage, Lieut. Hosken will immediately return," &c.; which he did, we observe, in one of those somewhat frightened, but still staunch Liverpool "Liners," now destined,—in his opinion, at least, we dare say,—to strike their long-defying flags to these new monarchs of the seas. Well! "Every dog has his day," is a saying as old as it is elegant. It is the same with every *Lion*, we suppose. We rather opine, however, for particular reasons we could state, that the day of the *Liners* will be a long one yet; though without hinting or holding a suspicion, far less a wish, that the day of their rivals in the race may be any the shorter for that.

At present let us cast about and see where we are, and what we propose to do. For months the various papers of the town and country alike have been putting out rumours of preparations and experiments being made and tried at various points towards this grand result of establishing a regular steam communication between the two great commercial and closely-interested countries, which certainly would profit by it so much. We have endeavoured to reduce these various, vague, and often confused and contradictory statements to a summary view of the case, that may be relied on for what it does not assert as well as for what it does. It stands, if we understand it, pretty nearly as follows; and we think it, as a matter of future interest, at least, enough to be put on record at the time.

The *Sirius*, then, which, though about the last introduced of the candidates for the approaching contest, seems the first to get off, is a boat belonging, we believe, to the St. George Steam-Packet Company, and has heretofore run, with a good reputation, between London and Cork. Though by no means an old vessel, perhaps only old enough to have been thoroughly tried—she is, of course, not expressly built for the Atlantic route, being one of the elder and European *régime*; her tonnage about 700, with engines of 320 horse-power. Her agent, we notice, is an old acquaintance of the public, Mr. Macgregor Laird, commander of the first iron-boat expedition which was fitted out to explore the interior of the African continent. Perhaps the auspice is a happy one in some respects. There is not an experiment more laughed at or disbelieved in than that was. This consideration may help to keep up the spirits of the faint-hearted in the scheme, if any there be. Some of them will remember the ridicule of the crowds who, only thirty years ago, saw Fulton's first effort to run a steam-boat. About the same date good Sir Walter Scott was making merry with the notion of lighting London by gas, a year or two previous to his becoming President of the Edinburgh Oil-Gas Company, and having his own dwelling furnished with the article from top to bottom! We have somewhere read a prediction ventured in 1734, that at some day or other, when prejudice was blown over a little, vessels would *take quadrants to sea*. Mr. Laird, we doubt not, mused over these things, and it helps him to hold his head up against Dr. Lardner himself. Nay, the Doctor—shall we say it?—in that same memorable treatise, wherein he shows as clear as light—to all who don't think otherwise—that this project of navigating the Atlantic by steam, is, of necessity, and in plain facts and figures, the veriest humbug ever devised,—the

Doctor doth so far forget himself as to say on another occasion, "Philosophy already directs her finger at sources of inexhaustible power in the phenomena of electricity and magnetism, and many causes combine to justify the expectation [belief] that we are on the eve of mechanical discoveries still greater than any which have yet appeared; that the steam-engine itself, with the gigantic powers conferred on it by the immortal Watt, will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the hidden powers of nature still to be revealed; and that the day will come when that machine which is now extending the blessings of civilization to the remotest points of the globe, will cease to exist except in the page of history!"

Here is a *clair-voyance* in human progress which is really almost shocking at first. It is not equalled by the New York correspondent of a daily paper here, who, having visited Davenport's recent but well-known electro-magnetic machine, tells us how with mere batteries, or with even one as big as a barrel, there would be a power to drive the largest machinery, while the cost of construction would be reduced one-fifth, and that of attendance, fuel, &c. nearly done away. Thus, a tubfull of blue vitriol, and a hoghead or two of water would send a vessel across the Atlantic, "and no accident could happen beyond the breaking of some part of the machinery, which is so simple that any damage could be repaired in half a day." Now we profess to have, with Professor Silliman, a certain degree of faith in the propriety of giving these experiments of the Yankee blacksmith a fair trial. We do not laugh at them any more than the Doctor;—we only wish he had considered this bright prospect of "discoveries," and this vast range of human invention, when he made up his case against the Atlantic steam-boats, for all futurity, on the strength of stale Admiralty data of Maltese and other passages up to 1834. Hall's condensers alone, and by the Doctor's own showing, are entirely sufficient to break up his calculation. But to our present purpose.

The *Great Western* was designed and built, and is owned wholly, we believe, at Bristol; so that the somewhat sleepy but venerable old port, which first, through Cabot, found out the variation in the needle of the mariner's compass, and established the trade between this country and Russia, as well as discovered Newfoundland, and described distinctly the coast of Florida (as many contend) the year before Columbus made his voyage,—Bristol, waking from her Rip Van Winkle slumbers, has had the merit at least of rousing English enterprise to a new maritime effort of the highest interest, coming very near, too, at the least, to taking the lead, nominally as well as virtually, in that effort herself.

At all events, the *Great Western* is in itself an achievement sufficient to renew for that ancient city the fame of the days when Maister Canynge's merchant-ships were the first on the globe; witness the *Mary and John*, of 900 tons, 420 years ago. This noble steamer has a burthen of 1,340 tons. How it compares with the class it belongs to, and with its spry little competitor before mentioned, may be judged by the least seaman-like reader we have, when we say, that, as far as we know, the largest steamship in Her Majesty's navy, and that a new one, is the *Gorgon*, with a tonnage of 1150. The *Gorgon* is constructed to carry 20 days' coal, a crew of 150, and 1000 men besides, and stores for six months. Her engines are only of the same power with those of the *Sirius*. The largest American steam-ship we have heard of is the *Natchez*, now or lately on the stocks at New York, and intended to ply as a packet between that city and the southern port whose name she bears; her tonnage is 900. The *Wilberforce* and the *Victoria*, Hull packets, were considered to be at the head of the old order of boats; the former a little exceeding 200 feet in length, with paddle-wheels 24 feet in diameter, and engines second only to those used in the American scheme. There may be a farther comparison with the Bristol boat by stating that her length is about 240 feet; that each paddle-shaft, after turning, weighs 6½ tons, and the intermediate shaft 4½ tons, with diameters of 18½ and 17½ inches; that her cylinders are 73½ inches in diameter—the *Gorgon's* being 64 inches—and nearly rivaling the size of the hugest ever used in the most extensive operations of the Cornish mines; that she has four boilers, rated to weigh, with the water in them, 180 tons—bordering

on a stowage-room capable of containing in iron boxes nearly 900 tons of coal; and that her two marine engines are stated to have a 225 horse-power each. To imagine, in a word, the appearance this vessel makes in the river, among the myriad craft which encircle her, one must conceive of a large man-of-war of 80 guns, with the unwieldy protuberances we have mentioned at the sides, a steam apparatus of the total weight of 470 tons, a great black funnel, and volumes of smoke in due proportion; and withal, for the plan is amphibious, a complete sailing machinery—for emergencies of fair winds or accidents to machinery,—including four rather low masts, rigged somewhat in schooner style, and able to add considerably on occasion to the boat's speed. It appears that this ship is much the largest, on the whole, ever built. The fore-cabin is 46 feet long; an ample engine-room is left in the centre; and this separates the former from a state-cabin of 82 feet in length and 34 in extreme breadth, taken up, except in the centre, with berths (like the fore-cabin) at the sides, including, above and below, and fore and aft, 128 sleeping-places for one class of passengers, besides which there are 20 for servants. Of the very costly and elegant fittings-up of this grand saloon we can add nothing to the plentiful details furnished by the daily papers: suffice it to say, that Mr. Parris has had charge of the decorations, which are in the style of Watteau and date of Louis XIV., and that no pains seem to have been spared to outdo the *Liners*, and "astonish the natives" on the other side of the sea. We should not forget that, affixed to the frame-work of the engine is an index, by which the number of strokes performed by the machinery, and the rate of their performance, is shown with the greatest accuracy, and which, it is stated, without requiring to be again wound up, will mark as many strokes as suffice for the whole voyage to New York.

Finally, she must doubtless be pronounced as staunch a piece of British naval architecture as ever floated, as well as the most elegantly decorated of all. Her engines have been proved—the boat has been, and will be, thoroughly tried throughout—200 tons of cargo will be taken, if offered; and so the *Great Western*, hoisting, at length, the lion-flag, will commence her march on the mountain-wave, with the motto, victory or death. She is expected to make her passage out, under average circumstances, in fifteen days, and the return-voyage in twelve. Fair luck befall her!

The cabin fare, we may mention, is 35 guineas out, and 30 returning, which includes bedding, provisions, and wines. This is the same as the fare of the *Liners out*. It is the same on board the *Sirius*, we see; but provision is made, by that boat, for a second class of passengers, in an inferior cabin, of the old régime, at twenty guineas; and for steerage passengers, like the *Liners*, at eight. The *Sirius* also expects to make her passage in fifteen days, from Cork. Of course, we must very soon know the result of the predictions of all parties, and the general practicability of the scheme it will test—its policy or permanency, and especially its desirableness as a mere mercantile speculation, (which must become its principal point of interest,) is wholly another affair, and one which admits of a leisurely discussion. More of this when we take up, on another occasion, the *Liners*.

But we are not yet done with the steamers. We promised to give a summary of all that is proposed by the various parties, and we have not yet named the greatest of all the lions by far,—we mean the *Victoria*, now on the stocks, at Limehouse. This extraordinary ship is the project and property of the British and American Steam Navigation Company. Their plan, as first announced, was, to build a line, composed of two British and two American steam-ships, of great size each, as sufficient to keep up a communication twice a month to and from New York; the reason for uniting the two classes being, of course, that British ships, by treaty of commerce, are not permitted to take foreign goods to the United States—they must be shipped in American bottoms; while, on the other hand, American ships are not permitted to bring foreign goods to England except for exportation only. By the union of both, all descriptions of goods are secured. These four were expected to make as many passages to and fro as eight sailing-packets would.

More were to be added as required. The tonnage proposed was 1,200, and the horse-power 300; and the ships were estimated to cost 40,000£ each. The annual expense of such a vessel was rated at 18,480£, including fuel out and home for six voyages, or for 42,000 miles. This calculation, which we think worth preserving, is exclusive of the charges incident to freight. These, with the profit also on freight, are contingent. Set down this at 400 tons measurement goods, £ with certain prices, and 60, 80, and 100 passengers, of three different classes, and we have 4,600£ receipts on freight. The expenses on the same being rated at 2,520£, the net freight out and home is made to amount to 3,880£, or above 50 per cent. per annum on prime cost; or 30 per cent. with a net of 1,200£ and 800£ out and home. We subjoin, for reference, the following items of the annual expense of the floating establishment.—Commander, 300£; first mate, 100£; second mate, 80£; third mate, 60£; surgeon, 100£; twenty-five seamen and apprentices, 600£; ten firemen, at 60s., 300£; one engineer at 150£, one at 100£, and one at 80£, 330£; one carpenter, 50£; oil, tallow, and tow for engines, and other small stores, 1,000£.

The distance from London to New York is about 3,000 nautical, or 3,500 English miles; and the speed of the vessels is taken from an average of the Dundee and Perth ships, Dublin and Liverpool post-office packets, Clyde and Liverpool vessels, and Mediterranean packets: their averages giving a mean speed of ten statute miles per hour in all weathers. At this rate, the average passage will be from fourteen to fifteen days to New York; and, allowing for prevailing eastward and current winds, about eleven to twelve days home. The fuel is taken at the rate of 9 lbs. per horse-power the hour. The quantity each vessel is supposed to take is for twenty days' consumption, or about 500 tons.

Such was the plan. On further reflection, it was so far altered, that the Company, increasing their capital from half a million to a whole one, at the same time concluded to concentrate their efforts, at present, on one grand ship, to be built in this port—and hence the origin of the *Victoria*. This mammoth craft is truly the naval curiosity of the age: her tonnage is stated at over 1,800, nearly 500 more than that of her Bristol rival. Her length on the water-line is 230 feet, the length of keel exceeding, we suppose, that of any existing man-of-war; extreme length, 253; 40 feet breadth of beam, and 27 feet depth of hold; whole breadth, including paddle-boxes, 69; displacement, 2740 tons; draught, when laden, 16 feet; cylinders, 78 inches diameter; paddle-wheels, 30 do.; with two engines of 230 horse-power each. The calculation is, that this vessel may take 500 passengers, of various classes—which is plainly relied on for her chief business and support—together with 1000 tons of measurement goods, (which we consider rather a liberal scheme, considering that we have twenty-five days' fuel on board.) This reasoning is not Dr. Lardner's, most clearly; the Company adopt it, however, as they have Hall's condensers, and the various other very important improvements which the learned Doctor does not notice in his Atlantic calculation. In his text at large, he does repeat the reputed advantages of the condensers—the cleanliness, and consequent preservation, &c. of the boilers—the time saved by cleaning not needed—the increased power from the same cause, and others, and so on, not omitting the economy in fuel—which, it will be remembered, is the great sticking-point—and which he says Mr. Hall puts at as much as one-third of the usual consumption, in some cases. This he confirms, moreover, himself. He says, the government agents, employed for the purpose, reported the result such as "to leave nothing to be wished for;" and that they especially pointed out the great advantage of this same "saving of fuel." The fact is, the one party may be a little too sanguine, but the Doctor's estimate is, at all events, rather out of date. He recognizes not only no improvement within some years, but no possibility of any. The performances of the *Berenice* and *Atlanta* are recent, but he makes no allusion to Howard's plan, or any other deviation from his chosen data. Of course, these actual American vessels on the stocks now, or on the sea, with all their

† A large estimate, at present, we should say.—See *Great Western*.

modern faculties, and most munificent array—these acting, accomplishing, annihilating arguments themselves, do not make him bate “one jot” of doubt and fear, alas!—not “hope.” The cost of the *Victoria*, by the way, is rated at 100,000*l.*, which alone indicates sufficiently the power put into her. Her sailing apparatus is as unprecedented as her steam and her size; but all this is nothing, so long as *Victoria* sits at the gates of Limehouse, and the experiment remains untried. Well, we must wait. This ship will be afloat, we hear, in a few weeks, and ready for sea in the course of the summer. Her place of final departure is fixed at Liverpool. And this, by the way, to the best of our knowledge, will be the only part which, at present, the port just named is to take in the play. This, known as the character of that place is, may be unaccountable to some persons, who are accustomed to think of her as the leader of the commercial cities. We have seen her at the head of every fresh enterprise, at the entrance of every new field where money or honour,—marine, at least,—could be made or won. Her citizen, Scoresby, was not a bad specimen of her enterprise and skill in one department. As to Bristol, in particular, the world is aware, that, for a hundred years, she has taken, as it were, her bread out of her mouth—cut into her West Indian business—met her in Ireland, face to face—seized on the whole of the contraband trade with Spanish America, from 1722 to 1740—selling yearly sometimes, according to Edwards, even then, a million and a half of the British manufactures, newly started or encouraged at Manchester, chiefly by her own influence and spirit. Meanwhile, unsatisfied, she managed to have a slice, we are sorry to say, in the African trade, and to undersell both London and Bristol with the West India Islanders by 4*l.* or 6*l.* per head. The latter port, in 1764, cleared out but 32 African ships to Liverpool’s 74; and this city had over half of the trade of the whole kingdom to that continent. And thus things have gone on, till she has taken into her hands a fourth part of our whole foreign trade, and one-sixth of our general commerce;—retaining also, to this day, five-eighths of the African trade of Great Britain, and three-sevenths of that of all Europe. And look at her works at home; her docks alone speak for her. Look at the growth of her navigation, from 5,789 tons, or one 42nd part of the British aggregate, in 1709, to 226 vessels in 1760; and then mark how, with her usual sagacity and energy, she plunged into the American trade, like one of her own dashing steam-boats;—now pursuing her old rival, Bristol,—now coming up with her—sizzling and splashing desperately alongside a short time—and then leaving her behind. The fact is remarkable in our present connexion. For 70 years, Liverpool has been bone of the bone of the United States. She has grown up with them upon them, and like them—being still more now, than she ever has been before, the most American city in the Old World. The independence of the States, while it sent an impulse of commercial prosperity, more or less, into all the veins of the mother-country, was availed of by Liverpool in the most extraordinary degree. It is said, personative can remember when one ship did all her business to and from the United States. By ‘68, however, 188 vessels entered the port in ward-bound from that quarter, and 141 outward. Of the many thousands which now the list of Liverpool embraces, we presume, over one half would appear to sail from that country alone. The sailing-packets merely to New York are enough to give us a notion of this business. This subject, however, must be deferred. Suffice it, that to Liverpool is due their establishment; there they have flourished beyond a precedent in the history of navigation; there still, for this continent, is their grand home and depot; and there, in a word, is the secret, after all, of the march now gained upon her by her waked-up ancient competitor. Bristol had nothing to lose—she had lost all; and Liverpool was and is engaged, and to great advantage; her capital invested, reputation settled, habits formed. Everything inclined her, justly, to take the new plan coolly. Everything, including her new railroad to the metropolis, inclined her rival to make “a bold stroke”;—and she has made it. And now, again, “we shall see.”

We said that Liverpool was, apparently, taking an active part in the project. There have been,

and are still, many rumours of what is doing there, or was to be done. What the speculations of some individuals may have been, we cannot say; possibly, a third competitor, slyer than even the *Sirius*, is yet to cut into the race. One of the boats talked of as meant for American commerce, is an iron one, launched lately at Birkenhead, 213 feet long, and divided below into six compartments on the new plan. Another is the *Liverpool*, built for Sir John Tobin, of 1,040 tons measurement, with engines of 460 horse power, rated to cost 48,000*l.*—rivalling the Bristol boat in some respects, and in her length, which is 240 feet, coming between her and the *Victoria*. We should here name also the *Columbus*, a small experimental boat, on the quicksilver plan, propelled by Howard’s patent vapour engines, and announced to carry fifty days’ fuel at the same immersion as a common steam-vessel, of equal power and tonnage, can carry twelve days’ fuel. This modest candidate for the contest has been fitted up in this port—making, certainly, very little noise about it—and has already gone round, by stages, to Liverpool, trying herself on the way, with the view, it is now said, of going directly out to New York. The papers state, that she will attend one of the regular liners. We cannot consider this movement any more than an effort to experiment upon the quicksilver principle on a larger scale than they have done before. We put forth no opinion on its merits—it has its record among the curious doings of the day.

Thus far England! But if we wonder what Liverpool is doing, we may well ask the same question as regards America, and especially New York. That country is the paradise of steam-boats, everybody knows. There are nearly 400 on the Mississippi alone, and about 50 on Lake Erie. Heretofore, these vessels have been much the swiftest. They are still, saving the mere painting of the *Great Western’s* saloon, vastly superior to all others in the amplitude, comfort, and completeness of their accommodations for passengers. This same saloon, for example, seems but a lobby, a pantry, after viewing the *Massachusetts* or *Narragansett*, where the promenade, ventilation, and ornament, extend, uninterrupted and uniform, from end to end of a vessel some 220 feet in length. Neither is one jammed into a berth, or deposited on a shelf, as if laid out, under the mistaken title of a berth; nor has he to climb up and down stairways nearly perpendicular, like those of a Newcastle steamer, or to hit his head, if he be one of your hapless tall fellows, three or four times an hour at the tops of doorways or passages. We do not mean to disparage our new boats by these hints, but we do mean to say, that such superabundance of room and recreation is not to be expected in boats built for a rough sea-route, instead of a smooth, easy, inland one,—closely calculating on their passengers, and the number of them for support,—and keeping their company on board for a fortnight or more, instead of twelve hours of daylight at a time. At all events, in this case, we must have plenty of fuel, immense apparatus, a universal stoutness and size of construction unparalleled, and a general and liberal provision for all even the possible contingencies of a new experiment, on a voyage only known so far as to be justly deemed formidable enough to the most prudent, at the best. Be that as it may, at New York, things seem to have gone on as at Liverpool. We are permitted, active as Jonathan usually is, to establish the steam navigation—if we can—as we did that of the sailing-packets; and the reason in the two places, we take it, is much the same. We have spoken of their similarity, their connexion, and their established interests. New York is, yet more than Liverpool, the grand rendezvous of the liners, which are all built and fitted out from that port, on behalf of the whole coast and commerce, one may say, of the United States; including not merely the large proportion which ply to Liverpool and back, but to London also (*via* Portsmouth) and to Havre; making little short of 50 packets in all. Considering investments, habits—prejudice, if we please—the admitted perfection, certainly the proud pitch of unrivalled system, beauty, speed, reputation, and success in every way, at which those ships have arrived, we cannot wonder that nothing more has been done in the premises; no stock even having been taken there in these new boats. We should mention, too, that although certain articles in the

construction of boats are cheaper there, others, such as labour, are much dearer; and that the machinery for such craft (to say nothing of capital, in these “hard times,”) must, at all events, be had here.

Meanwhile, rumours abound, as about Liverpool, for people expect these places to move in all such matters. That the Americans, unlike us, universally and implicitly believe in the practicability (we do not say the policy or present continuance) of this scheme—that they take the arrival of the *Sirius* and her train, as a mere matter of course—nobody, who knows anything of their habits and notions on such subjects, can for a moment doubt. Nearly half a century ago, and twenty years before Fulton manufactured his first boats, Fitch, of Philadelphia,—who, by the way, preceded him in one sense, and who then made a boat that ran eight miles an hour on the Delaware,—Fitch, in 1790, boldly predicted the future and early navigation of the Atlantic by steam. This prophecy was in a well-known letter addressed to the astronomer Rittenhouse. He was called crazy, to be sure; but that also was a matter of course. The idea, still, was forced on the national mind, and doing and seeing what they have since, they could not but adopt it as they do. Among the rest,—let us not forget it, in our willingness to meet the opponents of the theory of this project, on their own ground—they have seen this same thing done! We have not lately observed any notice of the fact, but we take it to be well authenticated, that a steam-ship arrived at Liverpool, in 1819, directly from the United States, we believe from Savannah; and, that a boat was some years ago built in New Orleans, (possibly the same,) for the Emperor of Russia, and sent out to him. It is quite recently, if we mistake not, that the *Royal William* went out to Halifax—which point, Dr. Lardner allows, if we understand him rightly, is within the potential reach of a steam-ship starting from Valentia, at the western side of Ireland.

Our space is now small for discussing anew the policy or subsequent prospects of this scheme. We consider it, however, in that view, a subject of very considerable importance, as well as of the most curious and teeming interest. If sustained, there can be no doubt of its vast advantage in speed. In 99 cases out of 100, coming home, the passage will be shorter than any the liners can make; and invariably so, going out. For the mails, for the immense and vastly increasing correspondence between the two countries, for all personal inter-communication of mercantile men, to say the very least,—and these are important interests,—this is a vital and conclusive point. We must count also on an increase of travelling, if not of trade. A small amount of a certain description of merchandise will go by the new conveyance; such as the light and rich ones, and those which depend essentially on getting to a seasonable or a speculating market. In these and other respects, there is a material difference between 18 and 33 days, or between 12 and 22. And what is more, there is a comparative certainty, a regularity, in steam-ships. One does not ask so much their average time, as the ground they have to go over. Nor does that average vary, at the worst, to great extremes. In the liners, with all their perfection, this is the case,—it must be. Even coming this way, yearly, with the prevailing winds, the passages vary from two weeks to five. Going out, against them, what with the currents and the gulf stream, and so on, especially on a winter coast, the disparity is easily accounted for indeed, but otherwise it would be incredible. We cannot enter into curious anecdotes on this head: we may illustrate the point better on a more leisurely occasion; but take the case just now in hand. At the time of this writing, March 29th, our last advices are of the date of March 3rd;—the four packets of the 1st, for the various European ports, being detained in New York harbour by ice,—another grievance by the way, and which has caused some inconvenience this winter even here. Of the four, the three English liners came over in three weeks each. The *England* reached Liverpool last Saturday morning, the 24th; the *Garrick* came by Holyhead the same day, at one P.M.; and we think it was about the same time that the London ship, *Philadelphia*, was landing her letters at Weymouth. This is just like the liners—one way. Nothing could be finer. Nothing else ever equalled it. Well, we have American intelligence,

then, of the 3rd. And what do we learn from the ship-lists? Take a specimen:—"Another Wonder.—There was not an arrival of any description in Boston harbour, during the week ending on Friday." Now Boston is a port second only to New York, and having a tonnage, we think, much greater than Philadelphia and Baltimore (the second and third cities of the Union, in size) combined. Again, a New York paper of February 23rd says, "It is a fact that the latest advices we have from Europe, were received first at Halifax—thence conveyed over land to Quebec—to Montreal—to Kingston, Upper Canada—and have reached us from the latter place by an extra dated the 15th inst. It is almost without precedent, that nothing later has come while intelligence was making such a roundabout journey to our city." Another breaks out thus:—"Foreign News.—Don't rub your spectacles, kind reader, at sight of these words, and flatter yourself we have any news. We only allude to the delay of the packets. No less than twelve are now due from France and England; and one, at least, which ought to sail this day for Europe, is yet on her voyage thence." At the later dates, fifteen were counted due,—that is, on the average calculation of a passage out,—six from Liverpool, five from Havre, four from this port; and of the forty-five or fifty belonging to New York, the immense proportion of twenty-seven were on the ocean at that time. Only one—an unprecedented occurrence—remained in port, to leave on the 8th of March, (now probably arrived out). Our packets of January 1st, had been two months out. One was spoken, February 27th, in latitude 37°, longitude 53°, some 1000 miles from her port. The *Formosa*, from Havre, had been out nearly seventy-five days. Meanwhile, a Demerara ship, bound for Halifax, was last week driven in a gale into Liverpool, having been turned from her course by these western winds, the whole breadth of the Atlantic!

We need not go into an explanation of this; enough that it is so: and though an extraordinary instance, indeed,—almost a solitary one,—yet liable to recurrence. We do not allude now to the comfort of passengers, for which the Liners are designed,—especially at this season,—and where the northern instead of the southern course is adopted: we speak of correspondence, intelligence, commerce, and trade, between the two countries. We might speak more particularly of exchanges. It is well known there is no regular system at present, as there is between us and all parts of our own continent. What is the remedy? At present, for example, bills by different packets, to large amounts, arrive at the same time; which having been drawn at sight—generally at sixty days—of course arrive at maturity and become payable at the same time; while thus all remittances to the acceptors of such bills are likewise delayed. This was found of serious inconvenience during the late difficulties. It is not now usual to sell a bill on America; in fact, it is never done, though bills are sold on all the continental states. It has, however, been proposed by individuals of high standing here, to draw on the United States, and sell the bills here, and so to purchase bills on America as on other countries: and to do this to advantage, we must have a regular steam navigation. To use another illustration, the Bank, or the American merchants, might send out any amount of specie they please—say three millions—on such authority as we have—with a view to direct profit, perhaps, or may be to aid the resumption of specie payments, which we have just learned, will be undertaken. Suppose the Liners, which carry all this gold, should arrive there about the middle of April,—well and good; but suppose they arrive about the last of May. The most uncommercial being can see the disparity of respective results at a glance. And so of other cases. So every year, month, week, and day. It is the necessity of things as now systematized. It is in the winds and waves,—some only can cure the evil.

We think the sum of it, for the present, may be taken thus:—the practicability of steam will be established at once. Its speed and its certainty will induce interests, enough for its maintenance, to a greater or less extent, to support it. All correspondence will be conveyed by it; all mercantile travel, and some goods. Most passengers may be shy of it for a time—many for a long time (as some are

of railroads still); accidents will happen, of course: still the scheme will go on to maturity. Of its influence on other and far greater interests than yet alluded to, we cannot now speak. This is a theme not to be hastily treated. It is one, too, which may be deferred awhile. All eyes now are turned on the "commencement of the end." We may yet discuss, with improved data, the end of such a beginning.

HISTORICAL SITES—PIMLICO.

BY LADY MORGAN.

[Concluded from p. 219.]

THE splendours of Arlington House were swept away with the dynasty out of whose prodigality and favouritism rose the fortune that founded and emblazoned it. Its beautiful heiress, the Lady Isabella Bennet, Duchess of Grafton, lived, during her first widowhood, in her manor of *Tottenham Court*, "near London," and no topographical or historical allusions are made to Arlington House and its gardens until both became the property of the Duke of Buckingham, who, in 1704, erected Buckingham House in Pimlico, on the site of the Mulberry Gardens, and over the ruins of the mansion of the Earl of Arlington.

John Sheffield, the gallant Earl of Mulgrave of the times of the two last Stuarts, created by William the Third Marquis of Normanby, and by Queen Anne Duke of Buckingham, was one of the most brilliant celebrities of his own age; courtier, statesman, warrior, and poet. It is mortifying to the "longers after immortality" to know that he is now best known as the founder of a house which no longer exists.*

The Duke of Buckingham was a staunch Jacobite, as a man might well be who married King James's daughter; and two years after his elevation to the dukedom, by that true Tory, Queen Anne, he was removed from office in 1705 by the Whigs. In course of the ensuing year he was also removed from the Privy Council. It was then that his Grace retreated upon philosophy and Pimlico; and the life he led, and the house, in its then picturesque district, he raised, delighted in and occupied till his death in 1720, form the subject of a letter, by which, says Walpole, he is now best known—a letter which, by the description it gives of Buckingham House (a site now destined to be for ever memorable), and for the light it throws on the habits of high society in the early part of the eighteenth century, may be aptly chosen as a conclusion to this sketch of Pimlico:—

"The avenues to this house are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly elms on one hand, and gay flourishing limes on the other; that for coaches, this for walking; with the Mall lying between them. This reaches to my iron palisade that encompasses a square court, which has in the midst a great basin with statues and water-works; and from its entrance, rises all the way imperceptibly, till we mount to a terrace in the front of a large hall, paved with square white stones mixed with a dark-coloured marble; the walls of it covered with a set of pictures done in the school of Raphael. Out of this, on the right hand, we go into a parlour thirty-three foot by thirty-nine, with a niche fifteen foot broad for a buffet, paved with white marble, and placed within an arch, with pilasters of diverse colours, the upper part of which, as high as the ceiling, is painted by Ricci. From hence we pass through a suite of large rooms, into a bed-chamber of thirty-four foot by twenty-seven; within it a large closet, that opens into a green-house.

"On the left hand of the hall are three stone arches

* Walpole says of him that "he had a deal of bravery and understood a court. As an author his Grace's compositions in prose have nothing extraordinary in them, his poetry is most indifferent, and the greatest part of both is fallen into neglect."

† Lady Catherine Darley, natural daughter of James the Second by Catherine Sedley (the poet's daughter), created Countess of Dorchester. Lady Catherine was married first to Lord Anglesey, and secondly to the Duke of Buckingham, whom she survived; she was separated from Lord Anglesey by Act of Parliament, in consequence of his brutal conduct to her. At Mulgrave Castle, in Yorkshire, the seat of his Excellency the Earl of Mulgrave (who is descended from her only daughter by Lord Anglesey), there is a curious portrait of this eccentric lady. She is represented in the weeds worn for her husband, and upon the picture are inscribed the following lines, said to have been written by herself:—

Puisque le Conte d'Anglesey
Mourut sans remords,
J'avoue que mon deuil
N'est qu'en dehors.

supported by Corinthian pillars, under one of which we go up eight and forty steps ten foot broad, each step of one entire Portland-stone: these stairs, by the help of two resting-places, are so very easy, there is no need of leaning on the iron-balluster. The walls are painted with the story of Dido; whom though the poet was oblig'd to dispatch away mournfully in order to make room for Lavinia, the better-natured painter has brought no farther than to that fatal cave, where the lovers appear just entering, and languishing with desire.

"The roof of this stair-case, which is fifty-five feet from the ground, is of forty foot by thirty-six, filled with the figures of gods and goddesses; in the midst is Juno, condescending to beg assistance from Venus, to bring about a marriage which the Fates intended should be the ruin of her own darling queen and people. * * *

"From a wide landing-place on the stairs-head, a great double-door opens into an apartment of the same dimensions with that below, only three foot higher: notwithstanding which, it would appear too low, if the higher salon had not been divided from it. The first room of this floor has within it a closet of original pictures, which yet are not so entertaining as the delightful prospect from the windows. Out of the second room a pair of great doors give entrance into the salon, which is thirty-five foot high, thirty-six broad, and forty-five long. In the midst of its roof a round picture of Gentileschi eighteen foot in diameter, represents the Muses playing in consort to Apollo, lying along on a cloud to hear them. The rest of the room is adorned with paintings relating to Arts and Sciences; and underneath divers original pictures hang all in good lights, by the help of an upper row of windows, which drown the glaring. Much of this seems appertaining to parade, and therefore I am glad to leave it to describe the rest, which is all for convenience. As first, a covered passage from the kitchen without-doors; and another down to the cellars and all the offices within. Near this, a large and lightsome back-stairs leads up to such an entry above, as secures our private bed-chambers both from noise and cold. Here we have necessary dressing-rooms, servants' rooms, and closets, from which are the pleasantest views of all the house, with a little door for communication betwixt this private apartment and the great one. * * *

"In mentioning the court at first, I forgot the two wings in it, built on stone arches, which join the house by corridors supported on Ionic pillars. In one of these wings is a large kitchen thirty foot high, with an open cupola on the top; near it a brew-house, and landry, with room over them for servants: the upper sort of servants are lodged in the other wing, which has also two wardrobes and a store-room for fruit: on the top of all, a leaden cistern holding fifty tuns of water, driven up by an engine from the Thames, supplies all the water-works in the courts and gardens, which lie quite round the house; through one of which a grass walk conducts to the stables, built round a court, with six coach-houses and forty stalls.

"I'll add but one thing, before I carry you into the garden, and that is about walking too, but 'tis on the top of all the house; which being covered with smooth mill'd lead, and defended by a parapet of ballusters from all apprehension as well as danger, entertains the eye with a far distant prospect of hills and dales, and a near one of parks and gardens. To these gardens we go down from the house by seven steps, into a gravel-walk that reaches across the whole garden: with a covered arbour at each end of it. Another of thirty foot broad leads from the front of the house, and lies between two groves of tall lime-trees planted in several equal ranks upon a carpet of grass: the outsides of these groves are bordered with tubs of bays and orange-trees. At the end of this broad walk, you go up to a terrace four hundred paces long, with a large semicircle in the middle, from whence is beheld the queen's two parks, and a great part of Surrey; then going down a few steps, you walk on the bank of a canal six hundred yards long, and seventeen broad, with two rows of limes on each side of it.

"On one side of this terrace, a wall covered with roses and jasmines is made low, to admit the view of a meadow full of cattle just under it, [no disagreeable object in the midst of a great city] and at each

end a descent into parterres, with fountains and water-works. From the biggest of these parterres we pass into a little square garden, that has a fountain in the middle, and two green houses on the sides, with a convenient bathing apartment in one of them; and near another part of it lies a flower-garden. Below all this, a kitchen-garden full of the best sorts of fruit, has several walks in it fit for the coldest weather.

"Thus I have done with a tedious description: only one thing I forgot, though of more satisfaction to me than all the rest, which I fancy you guess already; and 'tis a little closet of books, at the end of that green-house which joins the best apartment; which, besides their being so very near, are ranked in such a method, that by its mark a very Irish footman may fetch any book I want. Under the windows of this closet and green-house, is a little wilderness full of black-birds and nightingales. The trees, though planted by my self, require lopping already, to prevent their hind'ring the view of that fine canal in the Park. After all this, to a friend I'll expose my weakness, as an instance of the mind's unquietness under the most pleasing enjoyments. I am often missing a pretty gallery in the old house; I pulled down, than pleased with a salon which I built in its stead, tho' a thousand times better in all manner of respects. And now *[pour faire bonne bouche with a grave reflection]* it were well for us, if this incapacity of being intirely contented was as sure a proof of our being reserved for happiness in another world, as it is of our frailty and imperfection in this. I confess the divines tell us so; but though I believe a future state more firmly than a great many of them appear to do, by their inordinate desires of the good things in this; yet I own my faith is founded, not on those fallacious arguments of preachers, but on that adorable conjunction of unbounded power and goodness, which certainly must some way recompense hereafter, so many thousands of innocent wretches created to be so miserable here."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Our English musical profession has lost a worthy member in Mr. Attwood, whose death, our contemporaries announce, took place at Chelsea on Saturday last. This gentleman was born in the year 1767, and by the Prince of Wales, then Regent, sent to study in Italy. While upon the continent, too, it will be remembered that he was for a time under the tutorage of Mozart; and in his compositions (which were always agreeable for their melody and careful construction) there is generally to be traced a far-off echo of the ease, grace, and expression of the writer of 'Figaro.' Mr. Attwood was nominated organist of St. Paul's in 1795; in 1796, appointed composer to the Chapel Royal; and in 1821 organist to the Pavillion at Brighton. To him, too, was confided the honourable task of composing the anthems for the two last coronations; works which have since been current at all the provincial Festivals.

Since our last publication the *Diorama* has opened one of its new marvels to the public—for it is no exaggeration to give the pictures there exhibited that appellation. The subject of the work is the *Cascades of Tivoli*. The spectator is placed on the platform before the Sibyl's Temple. At first, the scene being presented to him under a night aspect, he sees only a mass of clouds and shadows, with a gleaming of the waterfalls, and their ceaseless sound, more hoarse and melancholy than by day, when the attention is distracted by a thousand other objects. Gradually the early light of dawn creeps over the picture, and the landscape is wholly revealed to us by a series of gradations, which, though rapid, are intensely faithful to nature. Our one only hesitation with respect to this work regards the tone of the herbage and the excessive bluish-greenness of the waters; in every other respect it appears to us, not a delusion, but the very scene itself. The other picture to be exhibited with it is the *Basilica of St. Paul*, whose sudden metamorphosis from a state of completeness to that of dismal ruin, loses none of its wonder by being seen again and again.

It is with pleasure that we note the award of the Keith prize by the Royal Society of Edinburgh to Mr. Russell, for his researches in Hydro-dynamics.

† Arlington House.

There is a work now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, which is of its kind unique, an enormous specimen of metallic embossing, being a copy of Lebrun's well-known picture of the Battle of Arbela, in copper; and, what is more remarkable, the work of a single hand. The artist is a M. Joseph Szentpéter, silversmith of Pesth; the labour, we are told, occupied four years, and must have been immense, for not only is the crowd of figures enormous, but the relief required to throw them out so bold, as to offer difficulties which, at first sight, would appear insurmountable. Patience and genius, however, will prevail at last. It is said that after having been at work for two years on the subject, the artist was compelled to relinquish his plate, owing to a flaw in the copper, and to recommence his minute task; so satisfactorily, however, did he at last terminate it as to have been admitted, in right of its excellence, an Honorary Member of the Guild of Jewellers at Vienna. We should be glad to hear of this work finding a purchaser in one of our noble amateurs.

The late Mr. Esdaile's collection of pictures came to the hammer last week, at Messrs. Christie & Manson's. None of them were first-rate, but a few had merit. The best was perhaps the *Pool at a Park-Gate*, by Gainsborough, which brought 210 guineas, there being almost as much gold as this in its splendid colours, especially in the rich water-gleam that gave name to the work. A pendant *Landscape*, by Wilson came nearer it in price (175 guineas) than real value, though pretty enough. *Children under a Festoon* by Rubens and Snyders, the group in Sir P. P.'s most temperate manner, which is not his best, went at 102 guineas, beneath its worth, however blurred by repainting. Another Rubens, the *Holy Family with Saint Francis*, destroyed by the same means down to an ale-house sign, brought 50 guineas, and would have brought 500 in an unspolled condition. A Claude sold for 230 guineas—the dearest purchase made, as not a trait of this master was recognizable through blotch and patch-work. An *Infant Christ*, of small size, went at 95 guineas, as a pretended Leonardo, though scarce a good Luini; we in England do not understand quite so much about either as about *Jan Steen* or *Velvet Breughel*. A pseudo Van-Eyck, two little Durer-esque pieces, a clever Hobbema, and an early, good Westall, with other things, made up the sale. We have omitted to specify a *View of Ruins*, by Van der Heyden, though excellent, from its microscopic beauty of finish and mellowness of tone; such works raise the Dutch manner far above the celebrated lampblack style of the Italians so much in favour among our virtuosi. The Esdaile collection of *Drawings* contained two neat sets—Gainsborough's and Wilson's, which likewise gave connoisseurs last week a vent for their ecstasies and their money.

The French papers of Monday notice with praise an equestrian statue of Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, by M. Marochetti, cast in bronze by M. Soyer, which has been recently set up in the interior court of the Louvre, previous to its being forwarded to its destination in Chambéry, the commission having been given by the King of Sardinia. It is said, too, that thirty-five statues of marble, for the niches beneath the colonnade of La Madeleine, have been recently ordered by government, and 5000 kilogrammes of bronze, delivered, by royal command, to the town of Albi, for a statue of Lapeyrouse.

At a late meeting of the Geological Society of Dublin, Mr. Mallet exhibited specimens of Irish minerals, some of them applicable to economic purposes, and explained their uses. The most important were—ochres from Howth and Lambay, fit for making pigments, of which eight specimens were exhibited; fuller's earth, from Lambay; porcelain clay, from the Sutton side of Howth; sand, for moulding, from Belfast Lough, said to be superior to the English, and quite equal to the Scotch; a mass of conglomerate, cemented by arragonite, from Salthill, Kingstown; and a specimen of sulphuret of nickel from Sheffoy Hill, county of Mayo. It is the first time that this latter mineral has been discovered in Ireland.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

The GALLERY, for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 22.—Francis Baily, Esq., V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—

1. 'On the Régar, or Black Cotton Soil of India,' by Captain Newbold. The author states that the régär of India is found, by chemical analysis, to consist of silica in a minute state of division, together with lime, alumina, oxide of iron, and minute portions of vegetable and animal *débris*. Hence it is usually considered as having been formed by the disintegration of trap rocks. The author, however, after examining the numerous trap dykes traversing the formation of the ceded districts, which he found invariably to decompose into a ferruginous soil, perfectly distinct from the stratum of black régär through which the trap protrudes, was led to regard this opinion of its origin as erroneous; and from the circumstance of its forming an extensive stratum of soil, covering a large portion of the peninsula of India, he believes it to be a sedimentary deposit from waters in a state of repose. Specimens of basaltic trap, and of the régär soil, were transmitted to the Society by the author, for the purpose of analysis.

2. A description of a new Tide Gauge, constructed by T. G. Bunt, and erected on the eastern bank of the river Avon, in front of the Hotwell House, Bristol, in 1837. The principal parts of the machine here described, are,—an eight-day clock, which turns a vertical cylinder, revolving once in twenty-four hours; a wheel, to which an alternate motion is communicated, by a float rising and falling with the tide, and connected, by a wire, with the wheel which is kept constantly strained by a counterpoise, and a small drum, on the same axis with the wheel, which, by a suspending wire, communicates 1-18th of the vertical motion of the float to a bar carrying a pencil, which marks a curve in the cylinder, or on a sheet of paper wrapped round it, exhibiting the rise and fall of the tide at each moment of time. The details of the mechanism, illustrated by drawings, occupy the whole of this paper.

3. The reading of Mr. Faraday's paper, thirteenth series of his 'Researches in Electricity,' was resumed, but not concluded.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 26.—R. I. Murchison, Esq. F.R.S. in the chair.—Read, Notes on a Journey in Asia Minor, in 1837, by W. J. Hamilton, Esq.—In continuation of a journey in the more eastern parts of Asia Minor, in 1836, says Mr. Hamilton, I again left Constantinople in May 1837, and, crossing the Propontis, landed at Müdäniyeh; from thence I proceeded, in a S.S.W. direction, to Abullionte, situated at the north-eastern extremity of a lake of the same name, whence I turned N.W. for Cyzicus, now called Balkis by the Turks. I here pitched my tent, under the walls of the town, near a beautiful fountain, under some fine plane trees. The whole site of Cyzicus is now so covered with gardens, or overgrown with underwood and luxuriant vegetation, that it is difficult to make out anything distinctly. I discovered the remains of a very large theatre, and several other buildings, besides the Naumachia mentioned by former travellers; but, upon the whole, was disappointed at the poor style of architecture compared with the solid and imposing character of Hellenic masonry.

Quitting Cyzicus, I travelled in a S.S.E. direction, to endeavour to trace the course of the river Maeceus; we reached its banks shortly after leaving Sü-sighir-li, and proceeded several miles up it, through very beautiful woodland scenery, to a place called Kayá-kapı, (or pass of the rock,) where the road winds along a narrow path overhanging the deep torrente a ruined castle on the heights above, and the remains of a massive bridge, attest its former importance.

At Singali, about forty miles south of Sü-sighir-li, I crossed the river flowing from the east, and continued up its bed for fifty miles, to Simál, where I crossed a range of mountains, between four and five thousand feet above the sea, which has formed in former ages the northern boundary of the vast lacustrine deposit of the tertiary period, which covers so large a portion of Asia Minor, and in twelve hours

nearly south, reached the town of Salenti, not on the banks of the Hermus, as is usually represented in all our maps, but on the Aineh-chai, which does not join the Hermus till twenty-five miles lower down.

At Kùlah, eight hours to the S.W., I remained some time examining the remarkable phenomena that this district of the Katakecaumene presents, and making excursions to ascertain the extent of the various streams of lava which have flown from the three modern craters, and which I have no doubt correspond with the three pits mentioned by Strabo. Seven hours north of Kùlah I discovered the ruins of Saitta, a celebrated town of Lydia. Large broken columns scattered about the fields prove the magnificence of its ancient decorations. Kùlah is situated about 2250 feet above the sea, and the volcanic cone rises 530 feet above the town.

June 17. I left Kùlah for Afyon-karà-hisár, distant about thirty hours to the east—the latter part of my road led over a succession of high mountain ridges, and across several flat alluvial plains surrounded by mountains; these plains form one of the remarkable physical features of this part of the country, bearing evidence of having been large lakes or internal seas at some very distant period.

Proceeding by Koniye to Karà-bunár, I here quitted the great road, and turned nearly due north for sixteen hours, to Ak-seria, which is situated in an open and well cultivated valley, through which a small stream flows into the salt lake of Koch-hisár, lying about forty miles to the N.W. This lake is said to be thirty leagues in circumference, and supplies the country around with salt, which is a government monopoly, and sold at forty para (2½d.) the cart load; the bed of the lake consists of a thick crust of solid salt.

July 19, Kaisariyeh. Six miles to the westward of this town is a small lake in the plain at the foot of Mount Argæus, from which most maps make a river flow into the Euphrates, either north or south of Cesarea. This is quite wrong; a considerable river falls into the northern end of this lake, flowing from a rich and extensively cultivated plain from the north-east. The river which issues from the lake, which is full of fish and water-fowl, flows through a deep and narrow valley, to the W.N.W., and falls into the Halya. It is called the Karà-sü, or black water, and is undoubtedly the Melas of Strabo, who has evidently written Euphrates by mistake, instead of Halya; for how could the rising of the Euphrates have flooded the land of the Galatians?

The heat at Kaisariyeh was very great, the thermometer averaging 87°, notwithstanding its elevation above the sea, which is about 4200 feet.

July 27. After many inquiries, and extraordinary reports, as to the easiest time for ascending Mount Argæus, I started for Everek-köf, a village on the south side of the mountain, where I procured guides, guards, &c. and set out on the ascent early on the morning of the 29th. The mountain rises up almost to a single peak, from a broad and extended base, consisting entirely of scoriaceous cinders of different kinds; its sloping sides are studded with numerous cones and craters, the effects of volcanic action at different periods; its appearance is peculiarly barren and rugged. After a day's climbing, I was unable to reach the summit, and we halted for the night under a projecting rock, just at the foot of the snow; my barometer here marked 20.198 inches, indicating a height of about 10,300 feet, as the lower limit of the sun line on the southern side of the mountain in the midst of summer, in the parallel of 33½° north.

July 30. At 5 a.m. thermometer 33° Fahr. Shortly after sunrise we continued the ascent, climbing up the numerous sharp ridges which on this side project through the snow, and occasionally crossing ravines of snow, down which, as the warmth of the sun was felt, and thawed the surface, many masses of rock detached from the soil by the melting of the ice, came bounding past us at a rapid rate. After two hours and a half very steep walking and climbing we reached the summit; this consists of a narrow ridge, the highest point of which, is nearly the point of junction of the large and contiguous craters, both of which are broken down on the north side. The snow in them is deep and unbroken, and descends much

lower than on the southern flank, forming extensive glaciers resembling those of Switzerland. The barometer at the summit was just below 18 inches; the mean of this observation and two trigonometric measurements of the mountain, one from the Greek convent, the other from Karà-hisár, gives the height of this celebrated mountain, at 13,100 feet above the sea. At the spot where we spent the night, scarcely any vegetation was to be seen; a few small stunted Alpine plants grew amongst the stones. Descending from the mountain, I found near the edge of the south plain, the ruins of a town which at some period of the Byzantine empire must have been of considerable importance, to judge from the remains of several old Greek churches, columns, and tombs. Returning from these ruins to Everek-köf, we were nearly pounced upon, and carried off by a large band of well-mounted Kurds, on their return from a predatory excursion, whom we saw descending from the mountain side at full gallop, and driving before them across the plain large herds of beasts and cattle, the fruits of recent plunder.

July 31.—From Everek-köf, I went to Karà-hisár, and thence by the usual road to Nigdeh, Kilisá, and Ereklí. The ruins of Karà-dagh are very extensive; they consist chiefly of the remains of Byzantine churches of great antiquity; they are built of the red and grey porphyritic trachyte of the neighbouring hills; and I am inclined to attribute these ruins to Lystra rather than Derbe, which has hitherto been supposed to be here. From Karaman I travelled by Ulá-bunár to Hájilar, near which I had the gratification of discovering the undoubted remains of Isauria; then by Bey-shehr to Kérálí. Here the plague was raging; and at Karà-aghatek three-quarters of the population had died within the last three months; and the corn, for many miles round the town, remained uncut or uncarried. A more striking instance of the destroying character of this dreadful malady cannot be imagined, than this vast extent of corn rotting on the ground; and you are told, that not only there exists no one to claim it, but no one even to carry it away without a claim. The governor might seize it as his own, but he could not find people to carry it or thresh it out. The very cattle have perished when tied up in the stables, because, when the owners were dead, there was no one to feed or to release them, that they might shift for themselves. Under these circumstances, and hearing that the malady was raging with equal violence at Atálíyah, on the sea-coast, and throughout the intervening country, I determined to give up that part of my plan, and to return immediately to Smyrna by Uláburúl, the site of the ancient Apollonia, Dínair, Ishiklí, and Philadelphia; and, after a hurried journey, reached Smyrna on the 25th of August.

The chairman, in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Hamilton for his valuable communication, the interest of which was much increased by his reading it himself, and giving incidental notices and explanations, said, that it was not only the geographer, but the antiquarian and the geologist, that must feel indebted to the spirited traveller for the zeal he had manifested, and the risks he had encountered in his various journeys during the years 1836 and 1837 throughout the whole extent of Asia Minor, from Kars and the ruins of Anni on the east, to Smyrna on the west; that he had had the good fortune to fix the sites of several ancient places, and to describe remains and ruins which had escaped all former travellers; that he had given by far the best account hitherto furnished of the geological formation of that singularly-elevated table land; and yet perhaps more than all was the geographer benefited, for both in comparative, mathematical, and physical geography had Mr. Hamilton furnished data that would be invaluable towards the improvement of our maps of Asia Minor. By his various routes, he had connected many important places with the north coast; he had obtained observations for latitude at more than forty separate stations; he had kept an exact itinerary, by which the whole of his journey would be mapped on the scale of an inch to a mile, specimens of which were then lying on the table before him; and, lastly, by a carefully-conducted series of observations with his barometer, he had measured the height above the sea of the various elevated plains and mountain ridges, and had com-

pleted his work by successfully carrying his barometer to the summit of Mount Argæus, and thereby being the first to prove that that mountain reaches the great elevation of 13,000 feet above the sea.

ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

March 9.—The following communications were read:—Extract of a letter from Sir John Herschel to the President, giving an account of a remarkable increase of magnitude of the star η in the constellation *Argo*, observed by him at the Cape, December 16—17, 1837.—“I have just observed a very remarkable phenomenon, the development of which I am watching with much interest. It respects the nebulous star η in the constellation *Argo*, of the second magnitude. As such, or rather as intermediate between the first and second (as a very large star of the second magnitude, or a very small one of the first), I have always hitherto observed it, having, in some cases, equalized it with *Fomalhaut*; in others, placed it intermediate between α and β *Crucis*, nearly equal with the latter, &c.; nor have I at any time had reason to suppose its magnitude variable. To-night, however, being at work on my classification of the southern stars in the order of their magnitudes, I was much astonished to find its magnitude superior, not only to that of *Fomalhaut* and α *Crucis* (with which stars it no longer admits of a moment's comparison), but even to that of *Aldebaran*, *Procyon*, α *Eridani*, α *Orionis*, and little if at all inferior to that of *Rigel*. This remarkable increase of magnitude has come on very suddenly, as my attention has frequently of late been drawn to this star in the lower part of its diurnal circle, while watching with some impatience its progress towards the meridian, at a reasonable hour of the night, that I might resume and complete, before my departure hence, a very elaborate monograph of the wonderful nebula which surrounds it. A few evenings before the full moon just passed, in particular, I remember to have noticed it with this view; and had it then been what it now is, a star of the first class, it could not have passed unremarked. Whether it be now at its maximum, and about to decrease by insensible degrees; whether, like *Algol*, but in a much longer time, it remains as it were dormant through the greater part of its period, and runs through its phases of increase and decrease in a small aliquot portion of the whole; or whether, lastly, it be on the point of blazing forth with extraordinary splendour, so as possibly to outshine its brilliant neighbours, a *Centauri* and *Canopus*, it is useless to conjecture, and observation will soon determine.”

“Value of the Mass of *Uranus*, deduced from Observations of its Satellites, made at the Royal Observatory of Munich during the year 1837.” By Dr. F. Lamont, Director of the Observatory. In the course of the year 1837, a few favourable nights were employed in taking observations of the satellites of *Uranus*, with a view of calculating the value of the planet's mass; and, though the object has not been satisfactorily attained, owing to the difficulty of the observations, and the present unfavourable position of the orbits of the satellites, the result is not without interest, as it leads to the conclusion that the true value of the mass of *Uranus* is considerably smaller than that which is generally adopted. The author then proceeds to describe the instruments and methods employed in the observations, and in conclusion states that, although the observations furnish sufficient proof of the elliptic motion of the satellites, any attempt to investigate the elliptic elements from the few data obtained in the present unfavourable situation of the orbits, would be unavailing. He, therefore, assumes the satellites to move in circular orbits, in a plane having, as computed by Sir W. Herschel, an inclination of $101^\circ 2'$ to the ecliptic, the longitude of the ascending node being $165^\circ 30'$; and on this hypothesis proceeds to compute from the observations the distances and times of revolution of the two satellites. The results of the computation are as follows:—

	Distance.	Periodic Time.
Second satellite.....	31'.35	84.705836
Fourth ditto.....	40.07	13.463263

Having found the distances and periods of revolution, it remains to compute the value of the planet's mass. It is found, however, that the values derived from both satellites exhibit a considerable difference,

as might indeed be expected, when it is considered that the mean distances are the result of a small number of observations calculated upon the gratuitous supposition of circular orbits. On diminishing the radius of the second satellite by 0.79, and augmenting that of the fourth by the same quantity, in order to make the distances accord with the periods of revolution, the value of the mass of *Uranus* is found to be 1.03, being less by one-fourth part than that obtained by M. Bouvard, from the perturbations produced by the planet. Dr. Lamont remarks that, in giving this value he is too well aware of the uncertainty of the data on which it rests to attach any particular weight to it; but considers that they will serve at present to enable us to judge whether a given value of the mass of *Uranus* can be regarded as probably true or not by its agreement or disagreement with them; and he is confident that the value of the mass of *Uranus*, at present used in the theory of the planetary perturbations, ought to be greatly diminished, though the precise proportion in which this should be done cannot at present be assigned. Considering the difficulty of the observations, and the small number of nights in which measures of so much delicacy can be made, it will not be possible, within the period of several years, to deduce the true value of the planet's mass from the elongations of the satellites.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

March 19.—Sir Charles Lemon, Bart. M.P. in the chair.—The paper read, was 'An Account of the Origin and Progress of the Copper Mines of Cornwall.' By Sir Charles Lemon. It was accompanied by, and formed a commentary on, twenty-two numerical tables, exhibiting various and valuable statistical facts relating to the past and present state of copper-mining operations in Cornwall. Several maps of the localities, and sections of the mines, were displayed in the room, with specimens of the copper ores. The paper consisted principally of, 1. Historical notices of the progressive working of the copper mines;—2. The extension of mining by the introduction and general adoption of steam-engines for pumping out water, drawing up the ore, &c.;—3. Accounts of the annual produce and value of ore;—4. The modes of engagement, wages, classes, and number of the workmen;—5. The consumption of timber and coal in the mine; and 6. The statistics of life and health of the miners.

The following is a condensed abstract of the most interesting particulars. In a report on the state of the copper mines, drawn up in the year 1799, it is stated, that "it was not until the latter end of the last century, that copper ore was first discovered in Great Britain, and that was in working the tin mines of Cornwall, which had been wrought time immemorial." This statement the author believed to be not strictly correct; but that copper, probably the produce of mines more especially wrought for tin, was known at an early period, though in quantities by no means answering the demand, even of those times. Hence, in the time of Henry 8th, its exportation was prohibited. Borlase, whose work was published in 1758, says, "that about forty years prior to that time, a certain Mr. Costar, who was particularly knowing in mechanics and hydraulics, invented a new water-engine, by which he drained some considerable mines with success." Mr. Carne (Geol. Trans. of Cornwall, Vol. III.), after adducing proof that copper only to a limited extent could have been raised in any part of England, earlier than the end of the sixteenth century, and that no records are extant of copper raised in Cornwall anterior to this period, concludes his argument by remarking, that "it appears probable that, previous to 1700, the copper ore produced in Cornwall was principally, if not wholly, from the tin mines—or at least from mines originally worked for tin; and although it is by no means correct that it was not till the latter end of the seventeenth century that copper ore was first discovered in Great Britain, it was stated to a Committee of the House of Commons in 1799, yet that appears to have been the period when mines were first set at work *purposely* for copper. This is corroborated by the fact that, although a charter for making brass was granted as early as 1595, it was not until 1691 that a charter

was granted for refining and purifying copper; another circumstance which tends to the same conclusion is, that the copper money of Great Britain was not coined from British copper till 1717."

It is clear that the steam-engine could not have been known, as an instrument for drawing water, when the water-engine of Mr. Costar effected so great a change. It is probable, therefore, that the passage of Borlase, which refers to Costar's engine, was written some years previous to the publication of his book; for Mr. Carne states, that the first steam-engine in Cornwall was erected on a mine from 1710 to 1714. The second steam-engine was erected at Wheal Fortune in Ludgvan, in the year 1720; and imperfect as that instrument probably was, its importance was quickly felt. Sir Charles possesses a memorial presented by those interested in the tin and copper mines of Cornwall, (the date about 1727,) praying that facilities might be given for the importation of coals, on account of the distressed state of the mines, and the necessity of working them to a greater depth. It is curious that the plea made use of is, that the old mines were nearly wrought out, and that the whole county had been so completely searched, that there was no hope whatever that any new lodes would be discovered. The existence, therefore, of the Cornish copper mines appeared at that time to depend on the application of the new power put into action by steam.

Mr. Newcomen's engines were brought into Cornwall very early in the last century, where they immediately superseded the laborious method of drawing water by human exertions, applied through the simple medium of a chain pump, similar in construction to those at present used on board large ships. In 1778 were introduced the improved engines of Mr. Watt, of which seventeen were working in Cornwall in 1793. In 1813 commenced the system of regular returns from the principal engines of the county, in what is called the Duty Paper.

A table formed from these papers was exhibited, showing the number of steam-engines in Cornwall, reported in each year from 1813 to 1837; the average annual duty of the whole; and the average annual duty of the best engine. The following are the first and last terms of this series of progressively-increasing numbers:—

Years.	Engines.	Aver. duty of whole.	Aver. duty of best Eng.
1813 ..	24	19,456,000	26,400,000
1837 ..	58	48,691,841	87,550,635

From a number of accurate experiments recently made, it is ascertained that the total average duty now exceeds 125 millions.

The prosperity of the Cornish mines has been maintained by the constantly increasing power of the steam-engine;—re-suscitating mines which had been abandoned, and enabling those which had still kept at work, to penetrate to greater depths. In fact, new powers have been developed almost from year to year, as the old methods became exhausted, and the depths attainable were worked out. Another element of success in mining, is constituted by the great improvements lately made in the art of smelting. Ores producing only 3 or 4 per cent. of metal, are now brought to sale and smelted; and, in some extraordinary cases, even when the produce is still smaller. The standard is the price of cake copper, minus a fixed sum per ton of ore on the average of the ores sold at the ticketing. This sum was, originally, the estimated cost of smelting. About thirty years ago, this allowance was considered too small; and, accordingly, cake copper sold in the market at from 5*l.* to 8*l.* per ton more than the standard: but of late years it has been sold at from 18*l.* to 20*l.* less, the difference being a direct and clear gain to the miner. According to the present produce of the county, the amount of this saving may be estimated at nearly 300,000*l.* a year. M. Jars, in 1765, says:—"No copper ore is sold under 30*l.* a ton; that is to say, ores which are not saleable at this price are not worth the expense of smelting: there are, however, some ores which sell as high as 60*l.*, but never above

† A pound avoirdupois lifted one foot high is assumed as the dynamic unit. The product of pounds, and the number of feet through which they are lifted in a given time, divided by the number of bushels of coal (each supposed to weigh 4*l.* lb.) consumed in the same interval, gives what is termed the *duty* of the engine, and furnishes a perfect criterion of its comparative merit.

this price." At the last ticketing, (Feb. 1838), the lowest price was 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, and the highest 14*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*.—Another economical improvement is the application of the steam-engine to draw the ore and rubbish out of the mine. These were formerly brought to the surface by the labour of horses. The difference of the expense of steam and horses for this purpose, is nearly 50 per cent.; and, from the increased depth of the mines, this work could not possibly, at present, be performed by horses. Heron de Villefosse (1810,) says there were then from twelve to fifteen such engines in use throughout the county. The number, of course, is now greatly increased; and it is in contemplation to apply the same machinery to raise the miners from their work, whereby a great saving in the time and powers of the men will be effected, with a consequent increase in the quantity of work, for which the same amount of wages will be paid. At the Consolidated Mines 826 men and boys are now working, at an average depth of 229 fathoms.

A further means by which the miners have acquired power over difficulties in the way of their progress, is the introduction of the art of blasting rocks, which, apparently, cannot be traced in this county higher than the beginning of the last century. It was, most probably, first introduced into this kingdom from Germany, by Prince Rupert, who was doubtless well acquainted with the mode of working mines in that country, and for some years directed the Society of the Mines Royal.

It is impossible to form an exact estimate of the profits of adventurers in the Cornish mines. Taken in long periods, however, and from a table that has been prepared, showing the gross amount of money received for ores, and the cost in labour and materials, for seven years, ending in 1799, it would appear that the net profit was 32,168*l.* Tabulated accounts were here given of the annual produce and value of the copper mines of Cornwall, from the year 1771 to 1800, inclusive, showing an almost constantly progressive increase in quantity, and a remarkable fluctuation in the value. The following extract exhibits the highest and lowest numbers of each column:—

Years.	Tons of Ore.	Tons of Copper.	Total value of Ore.	Standard value per ton.
1771	27,806	3,347	£189,609	£81
1780	24,433	2,932	171,231	83
1799	51,273	4,223	409,664	121
1800	55,981	5,187	530,925	133
1802	53,937	5,228	445,094	111
1805	78,452	6,231	861,410	170
1808	67,807	6,795	495,385	100
1809	76,215	6,821	770,028	143
1812	71,517	6,720	549,065	111
1814	74,322	6,369	627,501	130
1816	77,334	6,697	617,959	98
1818	86,174	6,849	686,065	125
1821	98,426	8,514	685,968	103
1825	167,454	8,220	726,353	134
1827	126,710	10,311	745,179	100
1828	146,502	12,218	817,740	109
1837	140,753	10,823	908,013	119

Decennial produce per cent. of ores, from 1771 to 1837.

Years.	Tons of Ore.	Tons of Copper.	Produce per Cent.
1771.....	27,806	3,347	12
1781.....	28,749	3,450	12
1791.....	records lost	records lost	records lost
1800.....	55,981	5,187	9 6-10ths.
1801-1810.	67,532	6,959	9
1811-1820.	78,569	6,602	8½
1821-1830.	114,040	9,143	8
1831-1837.	142,753	11,637	8½

The proportion of the gaining to the losing mines, is stated, by Mr. Vivian in 1779, to have been 11 to 63; and he computes the number of working men then engaged, to be from 5000 to 6000, the women and boys 4000 or 5000; making, with their families, between 30,000 and 40,000 souls.

The rate of Wages near Redruth, St. Austel, and Penzance, (the three principal foci of mining,) during 1837, was as follows:—

	West Penzance.	Midland District.	District of St. Austel.	Average per Month.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Tributers . . .	47 6	68 0	59 0	58 2
Tutworkmen .	45 0	57 2	59 0	53 8
Day Labourers	42 0	41 0	45 0	42 8

Average of the whole 51 6

In places distant from each other only a few miles, the rate of wages sometimes differs largely, and for long periods; which can be explained only by the known fact of the attachment of the Cornish miner to his own home. The work on the surface is, to a great extent, done by labourers for daily wages, which are regulated by the circumstances of the times, as in other callings. Tutworkmen are paid by the piece, but Tributaries contract for their work by the fathom, and are the most considerable class of workmen.

Mr. J. Taylor describes the present customs in the following manner:—There are two kinds of contract entered into with the men, by one of which they are paid for cutting through rocks generally unproductive of ore, or where the procuring it is not the principal object; and there payments are according to the measured quantity excavated. The other, which is called "tribute," is an agreement by which the men working on ore ground are to be remunerated by a portion of the produce, rendered on the surface in a marketable state. All agreements made with the men in the Cornish mines are for short and regular periods, one or two months; and the mode of letting is by a kind of auction, at which the offers are made by bidding downwards, which renders every bargain open to full competition. The rate of wages, therefore, regulates itself by the circumstance that ought to control it—the demand for labour. The sale of the ores is performed by each person presenting to the proprietor, at a public meeting, a ticket, stating the amount of his offer per ton. The tickets are then read aloud, that those present may be informed of the prices offered; and the bargains thus made are never disputed. This form of proceeding at the sales, and method of setting the work to the men, were characteristic of the Cornish mines above seventy years ago, and up to the present time they have remained, with little variation.

By a comparison between the returns of wages paid, and the value of ores produced by two extensive mines, assuming the same relation to exist between the total value of ores and labour throughout the county, it was calculated that the total amount of wages paid in the copper mines of Cornwall, in the year 1836, was about 482,000*l*. The wages of 1837 were about 15 per cent. below the rate of the year before; their total amount may therefore be estimated, by the same computation, at 409,700*l*. By another mode of computation, the amount is made 416,000*l*, and the average per head 51*s*. 6*d*. for the men, and 14*s*. 6*d*. for the women, per month, the relative proportion of men to women being as 10,624 to 7,292. In the mines just referred to, there were, in 1836, 4067 persons employed to raise 32,500 tons of ore—2362 men, and 1705 women and boys. A tabular statement, in detail, was given of these mines, showing the quantity and value of each kind of material consumed, and the proportional cost of each to the whole expenditure. In another table were exhibited the results of an actual enumeration of labourers in 59 copper mines, as follows:

Men.	Women.	Children.	Total.
10,624	3,802	3,490	17,916

Heron de Villefosse, whose book was published in 1819, says that the labourers in all the mines of this county were about 14,000, and, with their families, comprehended a population of 60,000 persons. He estimates the capital then engaged in the mines at 350,000*l*.

The speed of sinking in mines varies greatly, according to local circumstances: the nature of the work, and the quality of the rock. Thus in Wheal Ruth only 20 fathoms were sunk from 1828 to 1834, or between three and four fathoms per annum. This was from the 160 to the 180 fathom level below the adit, and in granite. In the Levant mine, from 1830 to 1837, 90 fathoms were sunk; at the rate of thirteen fathoms per annum. This was from the 110 to the 200 fathom level, and in greenstone. In East Wheal Crofty, from 1833 to 1837, 77 fathoms were sunk, from the 43 to the 100 fathom level, at the rate of 14 fathoms per annum. This was also in greenstone.

Heron de Villefosse computes the annual consumption of coal at the mines (in 1814) at about 60,000 tons; and Mr. Carne calculates that, in 1834, the total consumption of coal by all the engines of every description, was 69,559 tons. Thus, if the

engines now in use were not more efficient than those of 1814, the work now done would require 168,745 tons of coal; so that there is a saving of 99,186 tons, which, at 17*s*. per ton, including carriage, is equal to 84,000*l*. per annum. The total quantity of coal consumed at the copper mines in the engines reported in 1837, is 1,213,439 bushels. The total quantity of water pumped out of these mines in the same year, by sixty engines, was 31,141,800 tons, or 178,924 gallons per minute.

It is a matter of some interest to ascertain the average age of the Norwegian timber used in the mines; and for this purpose, the rings marking the annual growth, have been counted in what appeared to be ten average trees, and the following result was obtained:

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	No. of trees.
140	114	120	100	60	121	98	130	140	162	rings.

Averaging each 117.5 rings, or an age of 117½ years. Six other trees averaged 124. The general average may be taken at 120 years growth: the consumption of 1836 was 36,207 loads; which, at four trees to a load, is equal to 144,800 trees. If these trees grew at ten feet apart, they would cover 330 acres, and if they were 120 years old, it would require the produce of 39,600 acres of Norwegian forest to supply the mines of Cornwall. It must be remarked, however, that the consumption of 1836 was unusually large. The annual consumption of gunpowder is about 300 tons, (2000*lb*. in each). The price in 1836 was 44*s*. per ton, and the value consumed per annum about 13,200*l*.

On the subject of vital statistics, a table was presented showing the proportion of deaths from mine accidents, and from diseases of the chest, to which miners are especially liable, compared with deaths from other causes, during several years preceding 1837, in three of the largest mining parishes of the county, as follows: deaths from mine accidents, 52; from diseases of the chest, 242; from other causes, 158. Population of these parishes in 1831, 22,802. The comparison is taken only between the ages of 10 and 60, because few persons are found working in the mines out of those limits. This large sacrifice of life has been produced by causes which are susceptible of alleviation, if not of remedy; namely, accidents proceeding chiefly from the blasting of rocks by gunpowder, and diseases of the chest, arising almost entirely from the effort of ascending from the greatest depths, with exhausted strength.† Both these evils, it is hoped, are about to be removed; the first by the use of a wedge, (a model of which was exhibited to the meeting,) the invention of Mr. Robert W. Fox, which will supersede the dangerous necessity of tampering with broken stone; and the second by the application of machinery to raise the men from their work.

With respect to education, the miners are fond of instruction, and are educated in their different grades far beyond the average of most other counties; but they possess no especial opportunities. Only one school is known to be at a mine, particularly for the benefit of those there employed; it was established by the late Mr. Borlase. About 100 scholars attend it, and the advantage to the mine and the neighbourhood, is said to be great. A table exhibiting a rough estimate of the total mineral wealth of the kingdom, and the proportion of it occupied by copper, was given on the authority of Mr. English. Another table gave the amounts of British copper exported, the foreign copper ore smelted under bond, and the rate per cent. of such ore.

At the conclusion of the above communication, the following paragraph was read from a Liverpool paper—"According to a recent census of the population of the States of Prussia, the total number of inhabitants amounts to 13,000,000. Of these, 8,217,000 are Roman Catholics, 4,700,000 Protestants, 15,000 Anabaptists, and 160,000 Jews."—It was remarked by the Secretary, that this account was incorrect in every particular, inasmuch as the last census, at the end of 1834, gave the following result; viz. 13,509,927 entire population of the Prussian monarchy, consisting of—Protestants, 8,226,127; Roman Catholics, 5,092,534; Greek Catholics, 716; Anabaptists, 14,219; Jews, 176,460.

† The Consolidated Mines are above 300 fathoms, or 1800 feet, deep, from the surface.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

March 17.—Professor Wilson in the chair. Among the donations, was the picture of the interior of the female dressing room of a Persian bath, which at a former meeting was exhibited as a curious specimen of art among the Persians, at an early period. The interest excited by the painting induced Lord Western to present it to the society. Colonel Briggs, the Secretary, entered into a detailed description of each figure in this curious production; and contrasted its execution with that of the best works of modern Persian artists, specimens of which were at the same time exhibited; and which demonstrated that the art had considerably retrograded in that country since the sixteenth century. We understand that a written description is in the Society's house; and can be referred to by visitors.

Professor Wilson read a review which he had prepared of the French translation of a Chinese book, containing the journey of a Buddhist of that empire, through a large portion of Hindústan, towards the close of the fourth century of the Christian era. The translation was begun by the lamented Remusat, whose death put a stop for a short time to its publication; which was, however, taken up by M. Klaproth. That learned orientalist soon followed his predecessor to the tomb; and the work was completed and published by M. Landresse, and might be regarded as the joint production of the three scholars. It is entitled the *Foe Rue Ki*; and is the relation of a journey performed by *Shi fa hian*, a Buddhist priest and pilgrim, who undertook to visit the chief seats of his religion at the time above mentioned. The whole tour and residence in India, took up fifteen years; and meagre as the details are which the writer has given, they are acceptable as illustrating in some measure the state of India, at a time of which we have hitherto found no historical records. The Professor stated that the work was accompanied by learned notes, explanatory of the doctrines of Buddha; and by elucidations of the geography of India at the period of the journey. Many of the verifications given were satisfactory, but he thought others were not so certain; and that the learned translator himself, if they had had access to original Sanscrit writings, and some recently published accounts of researches in the N. W. confines of India, would in some instances have formed different conclusions. *Shi fa hian* left Changan, in the province of *Shen si*, in the year A.D. 399. He went first to the north-west, and then westward, across the great desert of Shamo, to the lake Lob, where he found a people like the Chinese in dress and manner, and followers of the faith of Buddha. He observed that all the religious people studied the language of India: this language was no doubt the Pali, a form of Sanscrit always adopted by the Buddhists in their practical writings. In fifty days from this place he reached Khoten, where he took up his abode in a monastery of 3000 persons. The journey of *Shi fa hian*, is thus far identified; but the succeeding portion is beset with difficulties, arising partly no doubt from some confusion in the description or errors in the text; and partly from the alteration which the Indian names suffer by Chinese transcription. Our limits will not permit us to state the arguments by which the learned translators support the views taken by them of the course followed by *Shi fa hian*, nor those which Professor Wilson adduces to justify the different opinion he has himself formed upon it. It may suffice, to state that the French editors make the Chinese tourist take a much wider range into the countries east of the Indus than the Professor thinks at all probable; both bring him back to one of the upper affluents of that river, called by him *Sin then*, (Sindhu of the Hindús,) which he crossed by a swinging bridge of ropes; this is the ghula, still frequently used for traversing the mountain streams in the north-west of India. He afterwards reached the site, made holy by a highly valued relic, the water-pot of Foe, to possess himself of which, a king of the *Yue chi* invaded the country. His invasion met with success; but he was unable to carry off the object of his conquest: the sacred pot, though placed upon a carriage drawn by eight strong elephants, refused to stir; and was consequently left to its original site, where, in the time of the tourist, it was the object of daily adoration. The Professor observed that this notice contained an interesting corroboration of the accounts

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of the invasion of Upper India, by the *Yue chi*, or Scythians, which had been obtained from other sources. There is much uncertainty in the traveller's course, until we arrive at *Mo-thu-lo*, which is evidently Mathura, on the Jumna. In this part of the journey, all the princes were followers of the Buddhist faith; and paid great reverence to the priests of that religion. From thence he went to *Kiu salo*, the Sanscrit name for a kingdom generally coinciding with the modern Oude. He next visited *Kia-wei-lo-wei*, the birth-place of Sakhyia himself; and therefore the most important place in Buddhist topography. This, as well as the similarity of the name, identifies it with Kapila vastu, about the site of which there is some controversy, as it is placed by some in Behar, and by others near the hills which separate Nepal from Gorakhpur. The itinerary of our tourist proves that the latter opinion is the correct one. The place was then "as it were one vast solitude;" and dangerous to travellers from the lions and elephants which abounded there. It was, in fact, the tract now known by the name of the Tarai, and which at that remote period probably began to suffer from the unwholesome miasmata which have since rendered it a literal "belt of death," although we find no mention of unhealthiness in the journal. In consideration of the late hour, the Professor concluded with expressing a hope that the advancement of culture would scatter the vapours which rendered this region so mortal; and that other and holier shrines would, at no distant day, rise on the site of the birth-place of Foe.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—March 5.—J. F. Stephens, Esq. F.L.S. President, in the chair.—The memoirs read at this meeting were,—1st, Observations upon the habits and other peculiarities of the *Brachelytra* (genus *Staphylinus*, Linn.), by F. Holme, Esq. 2nd, Description of a new strepsipterous insect, found in Brazil, and inhabiting the body of one of the sand wasps, Sphecidae, by R. Templeton, Esq. 3rd, Description of *Platypholus angustus*, a new species of Paussidae, brought from the interior of India by Assistant-Surgeon Downes, by J. O. Westwood, Sec. E.S. Mr. Saunders exhibited a specimen of the splendid *Urania Rhipheus*, which had been captured in the channel of Mozambique, many leagues from land. Mr. Bainbridge communicated a method for ridding insects saturated with a greasy matter, which occasionally exudes from them when placed in the cabinet, by immersing them in petroleum. Messrs. Hope and Raddon made some observations upon the distinctions between the two gums, Anime and Copal, which have been respectively considered to contain insects, and the latter member stated that the singular noise emitted by the death's head hawk-moth (*Acherontia atropos*), and which has so much perplexed physiologists, is sometimes produced by the insect whilst in the chrysalis state.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

Jan. 22.—Sir W. R. Hamilton, A.M., President, in the chair.—A letter from Colonel Yorke was read, enclosing a copy of Lord John Russell's letter to the Lord Lieutenant, informing his Excellency that the Academy's address to the Queen was very graciously received, and that her Majesty has been pleased to consent to become the Patroness of the Academy.

The *Eugubian Inscriptions*.—Sir William Betham lately read a paper on the "Eugubian Inscriptions" preserved at Gubbio, an Episcopal city in the Papal states, on seven plates of bronze, which were discovered on excavating the crypt of an ancient temple there in the year 1444. Five of the inscriptions are in the old Etruscan character, written from right to left, like the Hebrew and other Shemitic languages; two, the sixth and seventh, are in what is now called the Roman character, written from left to right. Two other plates were found at the same time, and were sent to Venice in the year 1505, but never returned. The object of Sir William Betham's paper was to show that the ancient Etruscan language was identical with the Ibero-Celtic, and that the Irish language, as it is still spoken in this country, affords the true clue to the interpretation of these inscriptions, which have baffled the efforts of so many learned men. The author read to the Academy his translation of the sixth and seventh

tables (those written in the Roman character), which he selected as containing matter of great interest to the inhabitants of these countries, being a record of the discovery of the use of the magnetic needle in navigation, and of the British Islands, by the ancient Etruscans. The following is an abstract of the facts recorded in these very ancient documents, according to Sir William Betham's translation of them:—"The sixth table commences with an invitation to the people, to go 'to divide and farm the western lands,' and to proceed to the west, 'where are three islands' of rich and productive soil, with cattle and sheep in abundance, and large black deer, productive of mines, with fine streams and every advantage for residence. It then proceeds to state, that the ships which were fitted out to convey settlers had been provided with stored food and abundant provisions for the voyage, with good water in skins, to be served out daily; that the skill and seamanship of the commanders and the men guaranteed their safety; and that the people might venture to go, with the most perfect confidence, over the 'for ages untracked wilderness of the sea.' Then is depicted the wretched system of coasting navigation, which confined the trader to the shores, amidst shoals, rocks, surfs, and other imminent dangers, all which had been overcome and avoided by the discovery of the little pointer (the PIAC LU), by which they were enabled to cross from coast to coast in 'the same certain and established track;' and the high seas, which the mariner formerly contemplated with the greatest apprehension when out of sight of land, might be crossed with certainty, avoiding all dangers in deep water. 'It was become trade's plain, a noble space, an easy space, a shortened space, tracked space, man's own space, the means of trade's progress, man's treasury, the source of the increase of man's wealth. Navigation by stored food and the little pointer was made safe and pleasant.' This passage occurs several times in the inscription. The little pointer and the stored food are described as the means by which the three western islands had been discovered. The events of former voyages are described very emphatically: on one occasion, it appears, the ships had gone so far north that the waterskins had been frozen and burst, and they fell in with what they supposed to be land, but found, on examination, to their great consternation, it was only ice. They proceeded with cautious anxiety by means of the sun by day and the seven (*ursa major*) by night; and at length saw the land of the three islands; on the first of which they saw sheep. The concluding passage of the seventh table reminds the *Phœnicians* (for although these people were certainly resident in Italy, they are throughout called PUNTI), that the island country which had been discovered would form a noble country for trade, protected from hostile aggression by the sea; and might hereafter become an asylum (in case their own country should be invaded and conquered by an enemy of robbing people) to which they might retire in their ships, and where their friends and colonists would receive them with joy and gratitude in return for the benefits they had conferred upon them. In the last paragraph we are informed that the inscription was written after three hundred years from the great subterranean noise and commotion, or the earthquake. Of the former unsuccessful attempts to decipher these very interesting inscriptions, Sir William Betham referred to that of Father Gori, published with a *fac simile*, and that of Lanzi, in his *Saggio di Lingua Etrusca*, both of which, he stated, were unsatisfactory, far-fetched, and absurd.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Artists' Conversazione	Eight.
MON.	College of Physicians	Nine.
	Entomological Society	Eight.
TUES.	Horticultural Society	Three.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight.
	Linnean Society	Eight.
	Geological Society	4 P. Eight.
WED.	Society of Arts	4 P. Seven.
	Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione	Eight.
	Royal Society	4 P. Eight.
THUR.	Zoological Society, (Gen. Business)	Three.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight.
FRI.	Botanical Society	Eight.
	Royal Institution	4 P. Eight.

FINE ARTS

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

With the best wish to see "good in every thing," we cannot but feel that the present is a poor exhibition, calling for no very extended notice.

One of the largest historical works, and of most pretension, is *Christmas in the Reign of Elizabeth* (279), by Mr. Buss. The story of this picture is told by the title; which implies the merry misletoebough hanging aloft from the roof-beams of the old hall—in one corner the cushion dance—in another the wassail bowl—here, the Baron and Lady entering, preceded by two pages bearing flambeaux—there, in the ample chimney corner, around the Yule log, a knot of eager people drinking in a ghost story. There appears to us, in Mr. Buss's composition, that confusion which yields to no examination, however persevering: the principal point of interest is wanting, from which, as the centre of the maze, the eye should diverge, and to which it should return, however intricate the labyrinth. Much of the drawing, too, would hardly abide the test of line and rule: many of the heads are spirited, and full of character.

This work, however, is calm, and classical and excellent in its repose, if looked at (as was our case) shortly after the examination of two extraordinary pictures of the satanic school—*The Dice* (430), and *The Death-bed of Lady Macbeth* (467), by Mr. Von Holst. In the first, a sprawling Mephistopheles, with every demonic trait of face and figure exaggerated to the utmost, has vanquished his victim,—a fair-haired youth, whose agony may be implied from his face, hidden between his strictly-clasped hands,—while a fair lady stands overlooking the board, with an untroubled placidity, scarcely less marvellous than the evil one's glassy eyes or terrible grin, or ultra-sinewy figure. In this work, clever though it be, the worst admitted faults of Mr. McClise are caricatured. But the dying agonies of Lady Macbeth,—by the side of whose bed crouch the weird sisters,—are yet more frightfully displayed: the written brow—the wildly-tossed arms—the inverted eye—the foaming lip—may not, it is true, overstep what has been witnessed in nature, but belong to one of its most distorted aspects, with which Art, we think, has but little concern. It is vexatious to remark the quantity of misapplied cleverness obvious in both of these pictures.

In the great room, the most prominent works are portraits.—Mr. Hurlstone taking the lead. His *Sibyl* (210), (a likeness of Mrs. Butler), and his *Child at a Bath* (216), are among his best works. In the faces of both there is great truth of expression without affectation, and a firm and rich colour; but the hands and arms, and the naked form of the scantily dressed child, fail, because the artist has attempted to produce an effect, or rather a defect of Time's making, which is to be seen in the works of the ancients, and has given a brown edginess to his forms, where a clear outline only was required. Both works, also, are too much pervaded by a tone of colour better befitting the subjects from the Abruzzi and the Lagoon of Venice, which Mr. Hurlstone paints so well. Mr. Eddis, too, has some clever male portraits: in his female subjects he is less happy, unless we are to accept his *Sleep* (170) as a portrait, and not a composition. We were struck, too, by the truth and boldness of effect of the portrait of a Lady in a yellow dress (252), by Mr. S. Laurence: the background is pale brown, with a fragment of green drapery in the corner; but there is nothing discordant or harsh to the eye; the face, too, appears to us very well painted. Mr. Middleton's portrait of *Mrs. Nisbett* (55), in her best character,—Constance, in the "Love Chase,"—is a clever, spirited likeness; perhaps a little coarser and more redundant than the original.

We could not but remember the proclamation of the Virgin Queen—(so sensitive in the matter of portraiture, that she would even overrule nature, and be painted without a shadow)—against those of her liege subjects who libelled her features without authority, the while we looked upon certain canvases in which the well-known features of our young sovereign have suffered cruel wrong. Mr. Latilla fills one side of the room to the left by a huge allegorical piece (316), in which her Majesty, in her state robes and jewels, is mounted on a charger,—"emblematical," so saith the Catalogue, "of power and government,"—with Arts,

Sciences, a military procession, the British fleet, Fame above her head, and a profusion of York and Lancaster roses at her feet. Mr. Boaden (343), and Mr. Dawe (270), have perpetrated their disparagements of Royalty on a smaller scale. We have so often been compelled to write hard things concerning the latter-mentioned artist, that it is a pleasure and a duty for us to praise his *Miser Alarmed* (No. 189), and his *Anchorage at Devotion* (No. 157), as being the best pictures we have seen from his hand: both subjects are less melo-dramatic than those usually selected by him, and both cleverly treated. To this, as to one who has also been visited with reproof for similar faults, we may add a good word concerning Mr. G. Fogg's *Historical Painter* (445)—a Chatterton of the easel, driven by failure and poverty to madness and starvation.

One more paragraph concerning miscellaneous works must close our notice. Mr. Zeitter is as clever as usual in his *Scene near Wisgerad* (419), with its groups of Hungarian peasants going to the fair. In the pair of conversation pieces, *Meditation* (274) and *The Instructor* (287), he reminds us of Greuse both in his contours and his colouring. There is another little picture which claims notice as possessing something of the same freshness and foreign air, which render Mr. Zeitter's works acceptable,—this is M. Heroult's *Promenade in Meudon* (No. 31). Mr. Tomkins, besides a clever *Will o' the Wisp* (268), and *Robin Goodfellow* (486), has some scenes in old continental towns, which come very near to those by Jones. Mr. Parker has taken our counsel, and abandoned the smugglers: his *Newcastle Pittmen playing at Quoits—from nature*, (391), is the best picture we have seen by him, because the least marred by trickery. For a scene, however, in which the light is mainly artificial, (proceeding from a grate of burning coals suspended above the players), it is too feebly coloured. Mr. Prentiss and Mr. Clater have some agreeable domestic scenes. Mr. Stewart's *La Retirée* (342), is one of the most graceful little pictures we have seen for some time, and will, doubtless, be wanted for one of the Annuals. We can only further specify Mr. Gill's *School* (401), and Mr. Bendixen's *Great Step* (322); sundry landscapes by Shayer, Tennant, Wilson, Linton, and Hoffman; Mr. Josi's portrait of *An Old Favourite* (30),—a white horse, painted with wonderful truth and fidelity; and, last of all, in the Water-colour Room, Mr. Martin's two drawings from 'Manfred,' (210 and 214). Though the colouring of these he too gay and pearly, there is a splendour in their design, in which the artist of 'Belshazzar's Feast' still remains unapproached. The first is the tremendous scene upon the cliff with the chamois hunter; the second, the Witch of the Alps floating beneath the arch of the quivering rainbow, with long mysterious caverns receding far into the distance, and mountains piled upon mountains beetling above her head.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ITALIAN OPERA.—We do not remember so promising a commencement of our Opera season, as the one made this day week. The house, during the recess, has been thoroughly cleaned, and painted a little: the audience was unusually numerous for a first night; and certainly we cannot recall an engagement before Easter, in every way so satisfactory as that of Madame Persiani, who made her *début* in 'La Sonnambula.' If we do not go the extreme length of some among the subscribers, who are already prepared to depose Grisi for her sake, we must hear cheerful testimony to her very great merits as an *artiste*. Her voice is a high soprano, reaching easily to *E flat altissimo*, in quality very thin, but in our larger theatre, sounding far less faded and ungenial than it did when we heard it in the now destroyed Italian Opera House at Paris. Its flexibility is great, Madame Persiani being essentially a florid singer, and venturing a thousand changes and embellishments for the mere purpose of exhibition; as, for instance, in the last rondo, which, though rapturously received and *encored*, was, to our fancy, too gratuitously altered and overlaid: we must add, though her cadences and embellishments are many of them new, and exquisitely executed, there is a want in them of that presiding principle, that presence of school, such as made Sontag florid *par ex-*

cellence, and Pasta grand, and Malibran astonishing: many of them too, besides having little relation to each other, appeared to us often inconsistent in themselves, and made up of fragments. In expression, she is delicate and refined, rather than forcible and passionate; her appearance, though plain, is interesting; and this brings us to speak of her acting,—which is gentle and quiet, bordering upon coldness, but still not cold; she was as much too placid and patient in the part, as some among her predecessors have been too extravagant. Her reception was most enthusiastic. She was supported by Signor Turti, an agreeable but feeble singer, whose voice bears little proportion to his figure, which is that of an Atlas: and by Mr. Boisragon, whose *début* as the *Count* was highly creditable; his voice is rich, and sufficiently powerful; and his style, though it is unambitious, seemed to us more formed than is usual among his young countrymen in the profession. Of Mademoiselle Smolensko, who took the part of *Lisa*, we have nothing to say that is agreeable. The orchestra is admirable, and the chorus singing with a precision and a delicacy, which are as rare as they are excellent. In the *ballet*, which was 'Massaniello,' revived, and in part *redressed*, there is little as yet to note, save the piquancy and prettiness of Mademoiselle Bellon.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—The amplitude of our allowance of music, which is now at the rate of a Concert a day, prevents us from dwelling in very minute detail upon any of the recent performances, though each has had its own particular features sufficiently interesting and provocative of speculation. On Thursday week the *Third Quartet Concert* was given; the principal feature of this was Beethoven's Quartet in B flat (Op. 130). A further experience of this work is positively essential to its being fully understood; and perhaps the first movement is confused in its meaning and treatment beyond the power of human ingenuity and aptitude to make clear, but the exquisite quaintness of the scherzo (which was *encored* by common consent) demands all praise; and the two slow movements which succeed, with a German dance as intermezzo, call but for further intimacy with their rich harmonies and original combinations, to become familiar friends and favourites. Nothing, too, can be more sprightly and surprising than the finale, in which the ear is at once charmed and disappointed by a melody moving through unexpected harmonies. The performance of this quartet was, on the whole, excellent.—Mr. Moscheles' fourth *soirée* was held yesterday week: the scheme included Beethoven's pianoforte and violin sonata in C minor (which appeared to us to be taken through in too rapid a time, and in which Mr. Blagrove fell decidedly short of the spirit and deep expression alternately required), Weber's sonata for pianoforte and clarinet, a composition full of melody and charming fancy, Beethoven's great sonata in A, for pianoforte and violoncello, specimens of Handel and Bach, Scarlatti's cats' fugue, played with inimitable drollery and spirit on the harpsichord, three of Mr. Moscheles' own studies, and a caprice by Mendelssohn. It is a rare thing to have to object to a programme for containing too much good music, and yet the attention could not but flag, when so largely taxed, as it was on the occasion in question. The audience was more numerous than on any previous occasion.—On Monday the *Vocal Society* closed its season; our contemporaries tell us positively for ever. This Society has always carried on a struggle between ambitious designs and inefficient executive powers; were our public as zealous and considerate as we trust it will one day become, it would have done more than it has done to uphold an establishment formed on such a good plan, and, by its support, have imparted to it the sinews of strength alone wanting to its permanency. On Monday, too, the *Società Armonica* began its season, with a good selection of instrumental music, and the efficient aid of Madame Persiani and Signor Ivanhoff. We have spoken of the lady elsewhere, and it is sufficient to add, that her voice is far more agreeable on the stage than in a Concert-room. Signor Ivanhoff was singing his very best; he appeared to us at once, more finished in his execution and more expressive in his delivery than formerly; his voice, in a Concert-room, never left us anything to desire.—The *Antient Concerts* are, as the city folk

would say, "decidedly looking up" as to performance; in the matter of selection they remain where they were. The Archbishop of York was Director on Wednesday, and the scheme, under his superintendence, was unusually varied. To ourselves it was most interesting pieces, because the least familiar, were the song from Handel's 'Redemption,' an oratorio made up of music adapted and transplanted from his operas, this was admirably sung by Mr. Phillips, who never appears to such advantage as in this orchestra,—and the gorgeous march and chorus from 'The Ruins of Athens,' by Beethoven. This, however, was not very well performed, the part given to the wind-instrument band wanted delicacy and certainty: what a simple but what a grand effect is that given by the sudden introduction of the chords by the stringed instruments to mark the time in the *ritornello*; what a majesty of triumph when the loud chorus of band and orchestra bursts upon the ear! Here is a lesson for modern writers of operas; Meyerbeer, with all his cleverly-calculated orchestral trickery, never produced anything more massive and imposing. Mrs. W. Knuyett, Mrs. Shaw, and Mrs. Bishop were the principal lady-singers, each in her best voice. And 'The Heavens are telling,' among other choruses, was performed with such unwonted fire as almost to surprise us with a new pleasure. We should also mention with praise Mr. Bennett's delivery of the preliminary recitative, but let this gentleman beware of forcing his voice; he may destroy its tone, which is naturally very sweet, but he can never amplify it into a powerful organ.

MISCELLANEA

Pitcairn's Island.—The *Acton*, Capt. Lord Edward Russell, lately returned to England, was for some time employed in visiting the South Sea Islands, and subsequently, on the 11th January, 1857, arrived at Pitcairn's Island, so well known as the last place where the principal part of the mutineers of the *Bounty* resorted to, and the descendants of whom are now living there. Immediately on our arrival, says a correspondent of the *Hants Telegraph*, several of the natives came off in canoes, dressed in the English style; they continue to live in the religious way in which they were brought up by John Adams, the last survivor of the mutineers. The women, as well as the men, work in the yam fields, and are very industrious; there were ninety-two persons living on the island, three of whom were Englishmen, who had gone out there, and two of them, Messrs. Hill and Nobbs, kept schools; each had his own party, but the former person (Hill) had so far violated the limits of his situation, as to render it necessary, in Lord Edward Russell's opinion, for him to leave the island, which he promised to do. They have an abundance of goats, fowls, pigs, plantains, yams, and sweet potatoes, on the island, and appear very happy and comfortable, not at all wishing to leave the island.

Fossil Teeth of Oran.—M. Duvernoy has submitted several fossil teeth to the French Academy of Sciences, which he received from Oran, together with a piece of osseous breccia. The latter confirms the existence of these breccia on the African shores of the Mediterranean, as well as on those of Europe. If it were possible to demonstrate that the osseous breccia of Africa contains the same species of animals as that of Europe, their identity as to cause would be confirmed, as well as their extent. A further study of both, would also, in all probability, throw great light on the epoch in which the Mediterranean was formed. The osseous breccia of Oran, like that of Gibraltar, &c., is a calcareous concretion, of a fine rust colour, and of earthy fracture, and may be compared to brick clay, well baked, and full of small irregular cavities. Most of the isolated teeth in it are those of fishes. It is remarkable, that all these examined by M. Agassiz, and mentioned by him in the 'Voyage dans la Régence d'Alger,' belong to the shad, or genus *Alosa*, (*Alosa elongata*, Agassiz), as if entire banks of the fish had been enveloped in one common catastrophe. M. Duvernoy has only found detached teeth, and no fragments of the skeleton of the fish, and therefore is unable to do more than conjecture to what they belong. He thinks he has recognized those of the *Chrysophris globiceps*, and neighbouring species. Besides these, is one belonging to the *Sargus* of Cuvier, an incisor, composed of

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of different colours. Two other teeth, he presumes, belong to a marine animal hitherto unknown, and bearing no resemblance to those of any living or fossil mammalia.

Solidification of Carbonic Acid Gas.—Mr. Kemp, who has been so successful in his experiments upon the liquefaction of gases, has succeeded in reducing carbonic acid gas to the solid state. The experiment, which had been previously shown in Dr. Hope's classroom, Mr. Kemp exhibited before the Wernerian Society, at their last meeting. The gas requires a pressure of thirty-six atmospheres to reduce it to the liquid form. When the pressure was removed, by opening a small stop-cock in the condensing apparatus, the cold produced by the rapid evaporation of the liquid was so great, that the whole mass was almost instantly reduced to the solid state; and, in this condition, although the temperature could not have been less than 180° below zero, of Fahrenheit, it was handled and tasted by many gentlemen present. This circumstance indicates, in a remarkable manner, the slow conducting power of the substance. When solid mercury is applied to the skin, in its passing to the liquid form, it produces such a degree of cold as to produce disorganization of the part. The carbonic acid was applied to the tongue without producing any disagreeable sensation; but when mixed with the sulphuret or proto-iodide of carbon, the cold produced was so intense, that every liquid to which the mixture was applied was instantly frozen. Mercury, in the proportion of twenty parts of the metal, to one of this powerful freezing mixture, was solidified. Liquefied chlorine and cyanogen gases were also frozen by it; and as Mr. Kemp had previously solidified sulphurous acid gas, there are now four substances lately known to us only in the state of gas, which he has now exhibited to the world in the form of tangible solids. This is the first time that the solidification of carbonic acid has been accomplished in Great Britain. Many important results may be expected to accrue from it. The degree of cold that may be produced in consequence, is so far beyond any that has been attained, that there can be no doubt that any liquid may be frozen by it; and it will be a powerful agent in producing the condensation of those gases that have hitherto resisted all attempts to reduce them to the liquid form.—*Scotsman.*

Pierre l'Ermite.—The long disputed country of Pierre l'Ermite, generally called Peter the Hermit, has at length been positively ascertained, and proved to be Amiens. He married a daughter of the noble house of Roussy, and his posterity is traced as far back as 1630. The document which brought this to light was found at Malines, and is an acknowledgment, confirmation, and restoration of nobility and privileges to Jacques l'Ermite, and Antoine l'Ermite, his brother, by Philip the Fourth.

A Feather in his Cap.—Among the manuscripts of the British Museum there are two copies (one in the Harleian collection, No. 7314, the other in the Lansdowne, No. 775, differing only in the orthography of a few words), of a curious description of Hungary, which appears to have been written by a military adventurer of the Dalgetty tribe in 1598. The writer, speaking of the inhabitants, whom he describes as being "of stature and complexion not unlike unto the English, and in habite like unto the pure Irish," says "It hath been an ancient custom amongst them, that none should wear a feather but he who had killed a Turk, to whom only it was lawful to shew the number of his slain enemies, by the number of feathers in his cap." "That was not a feather in his cap?"

Phosphorescent Vegetables.—In consequence of the observations made on the phosphorescence of the pinnules of the olive tree, a M. Vallot has been making some researches concerning those plants which have been mentioned by the ancients as exhibiting the same phenomenon. The descriptions of plants in those days were so imperfect, that it would be difficult to state anything positively on their identity; but M. Vallot thinks there is every reason to believe that this phosphorescence proceeded from certain fungi.

Ancient Theatre.—M. Texier has discovered an ancient, but entire theatre, in the town of Aspendus, in Pamphylia. The stage is ornamented with two rows of columns, Ionic and Corinthian, of white

marble, with red veins. The entablature is of the richest sculpture. Five gates led into the saloon, the roof was of wood, and between it and the stage was a space for machinery. All the particulars of its foundation are contained in the inscriptions in various places. Aulus Curtius Crispinus was the founder, and Zeno was the architect. A statue which ornaments the front of the stage has been an object of Turcomanian admiration, and concerning which they do not fail to invent fables. They imagine the whole to have been the work of genii, and this statue to be the portrait of an unfortunate princess.

Diptera.—A M. Macquart, of Lille, who has long been a zealous entomologist, has submitted a manuscript to the French Academy of Sciences, containing a detailed description of rare and exotic diptera.

New Article in Commerce.—It is droll to see some things shifted about the world as they are, in the way of its ups and downs. A late *Philadelphia Gazette* states, that there are now in New York about sixty old Spanish bells, which were sent to Marseilles and sold as old copper, by order of the Spanish government. They were part of a much larger "lot." An American gentleman at Marseilles purchased these, which were perfect, and shipped them to New York, for the purpose of preserving them on account of their superior tone and finish. Orders were given that they should be entered at the custom-house as old copper: this was refused, and they were placed in the custom-house stores, subject to a duty of 25 per cent. on the cost. The consignees have received orders to sell them at cost. The most experienced bell-founders have examined them, and say that they are such as cannot be made in America, or probably anywhere at this time. It is well known that the ancient Spanish bells, and indeed all the old bells cast in catholic countries, were considered as sacred; the more precious their metal, the greater their sanctity; and nearly all of them are thought to have more or less silver in their composition. We may, by the way, remark that the art of compounding silver with the other metals entering into the composition of bells, has been entirely lost. The tones are said to be imitatively beautiful; and it is stated, that one of these bells weighing 100 pounds has as much power and strength of tone, as an ordinary bell weighing 300. They are in perfect preservation, and weigh from 100 to 1700 pounds each. They are very highly ornamented with figures of the cross, royal arms of Spain, and various devices in alto relievo.

Fractures of the Skull.—M. Larrey has exhibited to the French Academy of Sciences several proofs in support of his theory, that the bones of the cranium cicatrize by the elongation, extenuation, and concentric union of the vessels or fibres of the edges of these openings. Among these proofs, M. Larrey brought a veteran officer of the "grande armée," who had lost part of his skull at the battle of Wagram, but nature had not completed her operations with him; for through the thin covering of bone which had formed in the place of the wound, the pulsations of the cerebral arteries were easily felt. Like many others who have been trepanned, M. Brunon distinguishes sounds through this imperfect covering, his ears being perfectly closed at the time.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

March 26, 1838.

SIR,—In the Review of "Description d'une Collection de Minéraux," &c. which you were so obliging as to notice in the *Athenæum* of last Saturday, there are some mis-statements which I am sure you will do me the kindness to correct. Mr. C. H. Turner, of Cooke's Nest, was not at the expense of the work in question. * * The late Mr. Jacob Forster (my uncle) was not a diamond-cutter, but the greatest collector of minerals of his day. At his demise, at St. Petersburg, in 1806, he had three establishments—one at St. Petersburg, another in London, and another at Paris, and he left me the grandest private collection of minerals then in Europe.

Sir, Yours, &c.,

HENRY REULAND.

The former papers on Historical Sites by Lady Morgan were published (on Milton's House) No. 391; (St. Albans Abbey and Lord Bacon) 393, 396; (St. Patrick's Cathedral and Jean Seville) 430, 451, 452, 454, 455.

W. M.—received.

Erratum.—The extract, page 216, second column, should have been "a species of calligraphical concentration of 'morphine' instead of 'moonshine'." True no-meaning, it is allowed, puzzles more than sense, and seems to have puzzled our printer, as well it might.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. J. GREGORY SMITH will commence his ANNUAL COURSE OF TWENTY LECTURES ON ANATOMY, AS APPLICABLE TO THE ARTS OF DESIGN, AND FOR THE PURPOSES OF GENERAL INFORMATION, illustrated by recent dissections in Human and Comparative Anatomy, on THURSDAY EVENING, the 2nd of April, at half-past Eight precisely, in the Theatre of Anatomy, 37, Little Windmill-street, Haymarket. Every facility will be offered to those gentlemen who may be desirous of making studies or drawings from the recent dissections.

Prospectuses and Cards of Admission to the Course, at One Guinea each, may be obtained of Messrs. Dominic Colnaghi & Co., Pall Mall East; of Messrs. Carpenter & Co., 14, Old Bond-street; and at the Theatre of Anatomy.

LONDON and BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY.

The Directors think it right, in consequence of what passed at the General Meeting in January last, respecting the appropriation of certain Shares, which the holders had neglected to register, according to the provisions of the Act, to inform the Proprietors, that having liberally met every equitable claim, they feel that the due is now arrived when they can make no further admissions, and that there remain 117 unregistered Shares, from Nos. 31,352 to 31,468, the appropriation of which they have resolved to submit to the Half-Yearly General Meeting in JULY.

The Directors also assure the Proprietors, that ALL their arrangements are progressing in the most satisfactory manner; and that they are using every exertion to prosecute the work vigorously, but at the same time with due regard to economy, and the convenience of the Proprietors; and they take this opportunity of stating, that they purpose making a call of 3d. per Share, about the middle of May, of which due notice will be given. By order of the Directors, THOMAS WOOD, Sec. 29th March, 1838.

Sales by Auction.

SOUTHGATE'S ROOMS.

BOOKS IN QUIRES AND BOARDS, By Mr. SOUTHGATE, at his Rooms, No. 22, Fleet-street, on THURSDAY, April 5, and following days, including

THE STOCK, COPPERPLATES, and the ORIENTAL WATER-COLOUR DIARIES, by Petrie, Niehol, and O'Neill, of PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF THE LANDSCAPE AND COAST SCENERY OF IRELAND, published in 4to.; together with numerous Copies of various Valuable and Standard books in Quires and Boards.

Specimens may be seen, and Catalogues (price 1s.) had at the Rooms.

Valuations made of Libraries and Collections of Books for the purpose of Sale by Public Auction, or by Private Contract.

THE COLLECTION OF ITALIAN PICTURES OF

WILLIAM WILKINS, Esq., R.A.

Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANNING respectfully inform the Nobility and Connoisseurs, that on SATURDAY, April 7, they will SELL BY AUCTION, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square,

THE VERY SELECT AND VALUABLE COLLECTION OF ITALIAN PICTURES, the greater number of which have graced the Orleans, Borghese, Altieri, and other Galleries of note, the Property of WILLIAM WILKINS, Esq., R.A., who has relinquished his profession, and retired into private life. This choice Cabinet will be recognized by the Connoisseurs, as the Pictures have for the most part been exhibited at the British Institution.

PICTURES, MODERN DRAWINGS, ENGRAVINGS, AND BOOKS OF PRINTS.

By the late JAMES VINE, Esq.

Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANNING respectfully inform the Connoisseurs and Public, that on MONDAY, April 23, and following days, they will SELL BY AUCTION, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, (by order of the Executors),

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Gainsborough Barry Barrett Laneell
Wilson Gilpin Crayhall Nash
Louthborough Prout Clennell Howitt.

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THE IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF MODERN ART

OF LORD NORTHWICK.

Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANNING respectfully inform the Nobility, Connoisseurs, and the Public, that on SATURDAY, May 12, they will SELL BY AUCTION, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, at one o'clock precisely,

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of chiefly ENGLISH MODERN ARTISTS, of the

RIGHT HON. LORD NORTHWICK.

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It comprises also some beautiful Works of Modern French and Dutch Artists.

The Collection will contain exquisite Specimens of the following, which will be found particularly described in the Catalogue *Raisonné* of the Collection.

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Watson	Jerry	Howard, R.A.	Smyth
V. Reussel	Zoffany	Colman, R.A.	Smyth
Verelckevoeten	Gainsborough	Leslie, R.A.	J. Wilson
Vanderbank	St. J. Reynolds	PMY, R.A.	Arnold
Vernet	Wilson	Fraser, R.A.	Glover
Denis	Sir F. Lawrence	Stansfeld, R.A.	J. Ward
Nollekens	P. Delaune	D. Roberts	Crome.

Also a few interesting Historical Portraits. The noble Gallery of Pictures by Old Masters will be sold on the 24th May and following days, of which due notice will be given. Catalogues may be shortly had.

THE PRECIOUS CABINET OF PICTURES OF

RALPH FLETCHER, Esq. of Gloucester.
Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANSON respectfully inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, that they will sell by AUCTION, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on SATURDAY, June 9, at One o'clock precisely,

THE VERY VALUABLE and well-known COLLECTION OF FLEMISH, DUTCH, FRENCH, and ENGLISH PICTURES.

RALPH FLETCHER, Esq. of Gloucester.
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Further notice will be given.

THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS FOR LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANSON respectfully inform the Nobility and Public, that on THURSDAY, May 3, and following days, they will sell by AUCTION, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, at One o'clock precisely,

THE ENTIRE COLLECTION OF PORTRAITS of all the most ILLUSTRIOUS and EMINENT PERSONS of BRITISH HISTORY, from Henry the Eighth to the Present Time; selected (with permission) from the Royal Collections, from the Galleries of the Nobility and Gentry throughout the Kingdom, and from the Public Collections. They are most elaborately finished in the highest style of art, and were executed for Mr. Lodge's great Work of Illustrious Portraits, by W. Hilton, Esq. R. A., Mr. Satchwell, and Mr. Lewis; and are in the most perfect preservation. Each Portrait is separately framed, measuring in height 12 inches by 10½ in width, in which the spirit and interest of the original Pictures is rendered in a most convenient size either as ornamental Portraits for the Cabinet or the Library. To the possession of Mr. Lodge's valuable Work of Portraits and Biography the present dispersion of this fine Collection affords the only opportunity that can ever present itself to acquire Specimens of the original Portraits from the Engravings in that Work have been executed, and forming the most appropriate and interesting illustration of art and Companion to it.

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The Duke of Bedford	The Duke of Argyll
The Duke of Devonshire	The Duke of Devonshire
The Duke of Hamilton	The Duke of Dorset.

Gentlemen residing in the country, or who cannot attend the Sale, may have their commissions faithfully executed by Messrs. Christie & Manson, who will forward Catalogues and Cards to view upon application. To avoid mistakes, it is requested that Commissions may refer both to number and name in the Catalogue when particular Portraits are desired, but when the object is to secure one or more specimens out of the collection generally, gentlemen, by so stating their instructions, will enable Messrs. Christie & Manson to execute them with greater certainty. Catalogues will be ready one month prior to the Sale; and to be publicly viewed the 1st and 2nd of May.

ADDENDA FOR MARCH TO CHURTON'S PUBLIC LIBRARY, 26, HOLLES-STREET.

THE Bit of Writing, by the O'Hara Family—Lord St. Vincent's Life, by Capt. Brenton—Vienna and the Austrians, by Mrs. Trollope—The Lady of Lyons, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq.—The River and the Desert, by Miss Paroloe—The Courier's Daughter, by Lady Steyne—Mortimer Delmar—Alice, or the Mysteries, by E. L. Bulwer—Clotilde Elizabeth and her Times—Outward Bound, by the Author of "Hattin the Reeler"—Mrs. Willeford—Seven Weeks in Palestine, by Ruby—The Robber, by James Lockhart's Life of Scott, Vol. 7—Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities—Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, by Boz, &c. &c.

The above extract from CHURTON'S CATALOGUE will show that every New Work is added to this Library as soon as published; besides which advantages Subscribers have the use of the general Collection, consisting of 25,000 Volumes in the various European Languages.

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TWENTY PER CENT.—Notice is hereby given, that the above Return will be allowed to such persons as have completed Seven Years' Insurance during the last year, in their next payments of Premium and Duty.
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London: H. Hooper, 13, Pall Mall East; Edinburgh, Adam & Charles Black.

Just published, THE BRITISH and FOREIGN REVIEW; or, EUROPEAN QUARTERLY JOURNAL, No. XII., contains—

- I. The Works of Gray, by Mitford.
- II. Catholicism in England.
- III. Victor Hugo's Poems—Les Voix Intérieures.
- IV. The Colonies and the Colonial Office.
- V. Commercial Relations between Poland and England.
- VI. Pasley's Law in Crete.
- VII. Sir Edward Coke.
- VIII. British Artists and Writers on Art.
- IX. Mrs. Trollope—Vienna and the Austrians.
- X. State and Progress of Mechanical Science.
- XI. French Law of Contested Elections.
- R. & J. E. Taylor, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. CCCLXX, for APRIL.

Contents: 1. Discontents of the Working Classes—2. An Introduction to the Philosophy of Conscience, Part II.—3. The World we Live in, No. XVI.—4. Sketches of Modern Greece—5. New Scheme for Maintaining the Poor: Poor Law Sonnets—6. Mrs. Trollope's Vienna and the Austrians—7. Court and Cabinet Gossip of a New Reign—8. The Latin Anthology, No. 1.—William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

THE METROPOLITAN FOR APRIL, will contain—

1. Momentous Sea Fight, by the Author of "Nelson's Reminiscences."
2. A Sailor's Mid-winter Reflections.
3. Memoirs of the Mediterranean, by Launcelot Lamprey.
4. Parliamentary Portraits:—Mr. E. Sugden, Mr. Gladstone, Col. Verney, General Peel, Mr. Colquhoun, by the Author of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons."
5. England, England, by R. Howitt.
6. Salvator Rosa, or the Two Portraits.
- Reviews, Notices of New Works, &c. &c. Saunders & Otley, Public Library, Conduit-street.
7. Ocean's Triumph.
8. Rosy Twilight.
9. Dr. Huxley's Essay on the Physical Effects of Moral Agents on the Health of Man.
10. The World, by Eliza Cook.
11. The Mariner's Daughter, a Story of the Sea, by the Author of "Cavendish," &c.
12. Mr. Bulwer's "Alice, or the Mysteries."
13. Chronicle of the Bridge of the Dardanelles.
14. Venice, and its Dependencies.
15. Deception, a Tale, by Mrs. Howitt.
16. Tasso's Prison Song.

Reviews, Notices of New Works, &c. &c. Saunders & Otley, Public Library, Conduit-street.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, for APRIL, price One Shilling, contains—

Lord Brougham's Speeches on Slavery—Bulwer's "Alice, or the Mysteries," a History of the "Hut of the Future," a History of Travel—Autobiography of an English Opium Eater, continued: Recollections of Charles Lamb—The London Periosteal, No. III.—Chambers (addressed to Bachelors)—Ebenzer Elliott on Combinations and Corn Laws—Lawrence's Memoirs of the Queens of England—Mr. Hume on the Causes of Canadian Discontents—Literary Register, &c. &c. William Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin, Marshall & Co. London; and John Cumming, Dublin. Of whom may be had, TAIT'S MAGAZINE for the years 1834, 1835, 1836, and 1837, price 12s. each year.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

for APRIL, price 2s. 6d. contains—
1. Tait's "Alice, or the Mysteries," Canto II. The Captive—2. Gallery of Illustrious Irishmen, No. X. John Philip Curran—3. Sonnets by W. H. K.—4. Baron Richards and the Twelve Judges—5. The Last Days of Nero, a Drama—6. Recollections of a Disturbed District, No. I. the Barracks of Temple-bredin—7. Meyer on the State of Ireland—8. By-ways of Irish History, Chaps. XII. XIII. XIV.—9. Sonnets by Col. Goppham—10. Memoranda of the Rev. John Keble—11. Parliamentary Returns—High Sheriffs—Censorship of the Press—Colonel Shaw Kennedy.
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CONTENTS OF NUMBER I. (PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF MARCH).

1. Prospects of the Government.
2. Dean of Peterborough's Letter.
3. Reign of Victoria I.
4. The Critic, No. 1.—Art in Fiction.
5. Zicci—A Tale.
6. The Moon and the Weather.
7. Weather Almanacks.—The Late Frost.
8. Crime in England and France.
9. Improvements in Steam-Navigation.
10. Heating Apparatus at the Jerusalem Coffee-House.
11. The Theatres.
12. Music and the Opera.
13. Notes of the Month.
14. Progress of Science.
15. The Press.—Notices of New Works.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER II. (PUBLISHED THIS DAY).

1. Are the Planets inhabited?
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